

# THE LITERARY WORLD.

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JANUARY 1, 1833.

## LITERATURE.

## INGERSOLL'S HISTORY OF THE SECOND WAR WITH ENGLAND.\*

In a notice of Mr. Ingersoll's last volume (*Lit. World*, No. 123), we remarked with some particularity upon the peculiar qualities of his style. They will be found to be carried out in the second series of his historical undertaking now given to the public. There is the same restless, desultory, animated way of writing, the same independence of grammatical restraint, and, generally, of literary artifice, the same unexpectedness of topics, and freedom of personal and other references—yet, withal, a certain vitality which impresses us not only with the individuality of the narrator but with a distinct sensation of the subject in hand.

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His opening account of several of the naval adventures of the War is a chapter of interest, with its sketch of the cruise and subsequent loss of the *Essex*, on the Pacific, and its introduction of the privateers as one of the established defences of the country. The summary of facts seem to show this to have been a most effective instrument of annoyance, and doubtless of consequent protection. Mr. Ingersoll gives this as the numerical result of the war:—

"Soon after the peace, accounts were stated and published in England and America, of the captures, successes, and defeats of each nation during the war, upon the ocean: the English by parliament reports, the American only by individual ascertainment; still the American as precise, correct, and credible, with less motive to misrepresent. These accounts do not discriminate in the amount of prizes between those taken by private and public armed vessels. By ours, the captures from the English were 2360, of which allowing 750 to have been recaptured, there remained a total of 1610 prizes of private vessels made and secured, either burnt at sea or sent into port, by the Americans from the English. That is the American account. The British parliamentary report of American vessels taken by British was 1328. By the British account they took 18,413 American prisoners. By the American account, we took 24,000 British. On board the public vessels of war, according to the American account, there were 625 British killed, 1032 wounded, 2929 made prisoners, altogether 4367. By the same American account, there were killed, on board the American public vessels, 274, wounded 562, prisoners 1111, altogether 1749. The killed, wounded, and captured British were, therefore, nearly twice as many as the Americans. Sixty-five British national vessels were captured; that is, vessels-of-war and king's armed packets. The British reported 42 American public armed vessels, captured at sea and on the lakes. The frigate *Chesapeake* and brig *Argus* were the only two American vessels of war subdued by anything approaching to equality of force; and in neither of those misfortunes was any naval character lost, but the contrary. In all the other naval engagements, ship to ship, and squadron to squadron, the British were vanquished by the Americans, twenty-one of the twenty-three times they

fought; with rapidity and disparity of destruction indicating indubitable superiority."

"A frigate, three sloops, and one brig-of-war, manned by a thousand men, with batteries of one hundred and twenty guns, were abroad upon the ocean, defying British might, when the war closed. Thirty-six known privateers, carrying three hundred and fifty-seven cannons, manned by more than three thousand seamen, besides some thirty more privateers unknown, estimated as carrying three hundred and fifty cannons, and manned by twenty-five hundred seamen; altogether not less than eight thousand seamen, with eight hundred cannons; in the winter of 1814-'15 traversed the ocean in all quarters, every vessel better manned, equipped, and managed than those which in 1812, '13, and '14 had done so much to inspire exploit, stimulate adventure, illustrate achievement, and effect peace. Of these American sea-forces, regular and volunteer, the sea-militia, in private armed vessels, constituted five-sixths of the power, did a large part of the execution, and are entitled to their full share of historical acknowledgment."

The anecdotes of these private cruises will be novel and of interest to the present generation. New England, notwithstanding her opposition to the war, showed no lack of energy in sending forth privateers, nor were the admiralty decisions of her Justice Story backward in distributing the spoils rapidly brought in. An American whale-boat, we are told, arrived at Portland on the deck of her prize, upon which the captors hoisted their tiny vessel of war. Great Britain was despoiled of 36,000,000 dollars, besides incidental disadvantages. The state of her commerce may be judged from the fact that at Lloyd's, insurance from London to Halifax was thirty guineas for one hundred.

Mr. Ingersoll notices the discussion with respect to the morality and policy of this mode of warfare, and seems inclined not to give up this important branch of the public service. He evidently thinks that war is war, and that there is very little distinction to be made between an enemy's ship on the ocean of a hundred guns or one gun—"Depredation," says he, "is the aim of both alike. According to a well-settled principle of war-law, every individual of each belligerent nation is at war with every individual of the other and bound to do him all possible harm in person and property." We have no desire to conceal the ugliness of war, or extend its horrors, but the practical fact of this question seems to be that every nation is entitled to use its most powerful resources to the most advantage. If France has a powerful steam navy, France will use it; England will avail herself of her numerous fleets, without either of them waiting for a nation less expensive in its war departments to come up to an equality with them in numbers of men or guns. Is not America as well entitled to use her excess of strength in her possession of a vast population, ready to enter upon offensive operations, with the greatest effect under privateering regulations? No nations in the world would be able to compete with our Atlantic and Pacific coasts in services of this kind. Ingenuity, courage, even to temerity, and invincible endurance are the qualities of Americans, and the world may justly fear their enormous spirit of adventure, when they are let loose as volunteer adventurers on the high seas. Is not this fear one of our best securities and defences? Is it not a humane thing for the world that we ward off oppression and insult by the authority of this latent power?

Mr. Ingersoll insists upon the generosity and humanity of the American privateering forces, and contrasts the kindness shown to British prisoners in America with the hardships inflicted on American prisoners in England. "Of the 7000 British prisoners confined in Massachusetts, under care of the United States' Marshal, only three of those not wounded died; whereas in Melville Island, in twenty months 300 Americans died in the hospital, as was alleged, from the want of proper attention." The cowardly and inhuman massacre of the Dartmoor Prison, will not soon be forgotten. Mr. Ingersoll gives a neat and clear account of the whole affair. His revival of the intercepted correspondence of the British admirals blockading the American coast puts English buccaneering in a pitiable, though humorous light. There are some exquisite bits of pilage, the enumeration of which would do honor to Colonel Jack, or the fine talk of the *Beggars' Opera*. For example,

## PICKINGS ON THE ATLANTIC COAST.

"Depredation was the system of the British navy in the American waters. Captain Epsworth, of the *Nymph* frigate, exacted fifty dollars from a fishing-smack, as ransom for letting the unoffending fisherman go. Captain Lloyd, of the *Plantagenet* ship-of-the-line (whom we have seen at Fayal), captured a vessel which was carrying an organ for an Episcopal church in New York, and would not release the prize till paid two thousand dollars ransom for the organ.

"One of the letters taken by the *Chasseur* on board the *St. Lawrence* was from Captain Napier, of the *Euryalus* frigate, to Captain Gordon, of the *Seahorse*, as follows:

"Off Cape Henry, June 24, 1814.

"Here I am, in Lynnhaven Bay, the clippers sailing every day, and losing them for want of fast sailers. All our prizes are well disposed of. I have had a good deal to do with them, and not many thanks, as you may suppose, from the agents. I have petitioned the Prince Regent in behalf of the whole of us for a good slice of prize-money, and hope to succeed. You, I suppose, will not be displeased at it. Excuse this hasty scrawl.—I am in a d—d bad humor, having just returned from an unsuccessful chase."

"A letter taken in the *St. Lawrence*, dated February 19th, 1815, Cumberland Island, from J. Gallon to J. O'Reilly, on board H. M. ship *Tonnant*, off New Orleans, ran thus:

"We have had fine fun since I saw you. What with the *Rappahannock*, and other places, we have contrived to pick up a few trifling things, such as mahogany tables, chests of drawers, &c."

"At *St. Simon's*, a well-authenticated statement showed that, besides the slaves and cotton, they took everything they could lay their hands on: cotton-seed, old iron, leather, tanned and untanned, wine, liquors, soap, candles, poultry, plate, a stock-buckle, pocketed by an officer named Horton, a carpet, some books, a razor, part of a barrel of flour, by a Lieutenant de Thierry; medicines, paints, handsaw files, taken by a commander Ramsey, and spoons; destroying whatever furniture they could not take away, and actually scraping the quicksilver from the backs of broken mirrors."

Mr. Ingersoll's friendship with Joseph Bonaparte and his family during their long residence in this country, is well known; nor will any one familiar with his manner be surprised at the sudden interpolation of some three hundred pages, between his first and second volumes, on the Napoleon dynasty. This is a decidedly interesting account of the family fortunes of the stock of old Charles Bonaparte. It has the advantage of the personal impression of a man of threescore, who has admired and been amazed at the wondrous successes and reverses of that imperial house—for, spite of its various republican

\* History of the Second War between the United States of America and Great Britain. By Charles J. Ingersoll. Second Series, embracing the events of 1814 and 1815. Lippincott, Grambo & Co.

professiona, empire seems to be its inevitable instinct and necessity. Still more, it has the benefit of personal intercourse with many of the most distinguished actors of the scene, from Joseph downward. It is a gossiping, personal account, defensive of Napoleon, but not sparing of free criticism here and there, or even pretty pungent scandal. An old story, here and there—but these details will be read with avidity. Mr. Ingersoll begins an anecdotal description of Napoleon with a sight of him in Paris.

#### NAPOLEON IN 1801.

"Rufus King, the American minister in England, with whom I went from London to Paris, did not care to be presented to the Consular court; and even if he had been, I was not within the regulations established for that honor; so that I saw the First Consul only at his reviews and the opera, and my description of him, partly from personal observation, must be made up chiefly from that of others. The small bronze, full-length statue of *General Bonaparte*, bequeathed to me by Joseph Bonaparte's will, is a good likeness of Napoleon's person as I saw him, thin and pallid, with a mild and languid Italian expression. It has the queue which he wore in Italy, and I believe Egypt, with large locks of hair over the ears, instead of the chestnut crop which, as I stood near him in the Tuileries, I saw him brush up with one hand while he held his hat in the other. His personal appearance then was perhaps most remarkable for its extreme dissimilitude to his colossal character: not only uncommonly small, but looking still more diminutive and young, owing to a smooth, almost beardless, and unpretending countenance, without any thing martial or imposing in his air or manner. He looked, I thought, like a modest midshipman. His height was but five feet two inches, French measure, equal to five feet seven inches English or American. Between Bonaparte as I saw him, slender, pale, and small, and the Emperor Napoleon, grown fat and stout, there must have been considerable difference of appearance."

No one ever tires of reading about Napoleon and his ways. Mr. Ingersoll talks pleasantly enough on the old theme.

One of the "literary announcements" of the new French Government is the publication of Napoleon's works, in some thirty-five folios. We trust the material spoken of by Mr. Ingersoll will figure among them.

#### NAPOLEON MSS.

"Nearly six hundred unpublished and most confidential letters, to his brother Joseph, written with heart in hand, calculated to throw the truest light on Napoleon's real character, sentiments and purposes, and dispel clouds of prejudices, with difficulty concealed by Joseph in Europe, and brought to this country for safe keeping, were, after his death, by my instrumentality, deposited in the United States' Mint at Philadelphia, as a place of security; and after four years' safe keeping there, on the 23d of October, 1849, in my presence, surrendered by Joseph's testamentary executor to his grandson Joseph, then twenty-five years of age, according to his grandfather's will; which bequeaths to that grandson those precious developments, together with other unpublished manuscripts; among them part of Joseph's life, dictated by himself, and the republican Marshal Jourdan's Memoirs, written by himself. These perfectly unreserved and brotherly confidential letters, several hundred in Napoleon's own handwriting, written before he became great, will demonstrate his real sentiments and character, when too young for dissembling, and quite unreserved with his correspondent. Joseph relied upon them to prove what he always said, and often

told me, that Napoleon was a man of warm attachments, tender feelings, and honest purposes."

It seems that Joseph Bonaparte at one time contemplated bringing the pictures of Cardinal Fesch to America.

#### CARDINAL FESCH'S GALLERY FOR WASHINGTON.

"On his death in 1839, he bequeathed to Joseph Bonaparte nearly his whole fortune, consisting of a large collection of paintings at Rome, then valued at some millions of dollars, but which sold for only some hundred thousand. Joseph expressed to me his wish to exchange all those pictures for a grant of public lands, by act of Congress, to establish a gallery of paintings, to be preserved for exhibition at Washington. I have regretted, since, that I discouraged his overture, and did not submit the suggestion to Congress. Ambitious edifices, statues, paintings, gardens, and public enclosures already embellish Washington, favored by the most democratic chiefs of republican government. Jefferson ornamented the capitol. Jackson proposed to build a bridge over the Potomac, which would have been like a monument of Roman grandeur. Mr. Clay suggested a zoological garden: and an admirable garden of plants might be fixed there, with contributions from Texas, California, Oregon—all the world. Building, farming, all mechanical manipulations, would be benefited by elegant models, like some already placed there by the most democratic of republican administrations; and such cultivation of the elegant would promote the useful arts."

A notice of a Napoleon entertainment in honor of America, at Paris, in 1800:—

"At Morfontaine, his country-seat, where Joseph lived with noble hospitality, frequented by the best company from all parts of Europe, he entertained the American ministers, in October, to celebrate their treaty of the 30th of September, 1800, by an elegant festival, during three days; to which La Fayette and the Duke of La Rochefoucauld Liancourt were requested to bring whatever Americans they chose to invite. Napoleon and the two other Consuls attended; Josephine with her daughters, Hortensia Beauharnois, Pauline Le Clerc, and Caroline Murat, in the bloom of their youthful beauty; the ministers, and several other members of the government, of the Senate, Council of State, Legislative body, Tribunal, the whole diplomatic corps, and all Frenchmen who had lived in America. All the great events of the American Revolution were represented by emblems and inscriptions, of which La Fayette was desired to suggest the scenes. The Prefect of the Department presenting Napoleon some ancient Roman medals, found near there, he gave them to the American ministers, to take to their country. Affable and conversible with all, he talked politics, literature, science, tactics, and even music, with the many eminent masters in those arts, and gallantry with a crowd of gay ladies who enlivened the entertainment. La Fayette and Napoleon conversed a great deal together in the most friendly terms. La Fayette's liberation from the Austrian dungeon was a special condition of the treaty of Campo Formio, for which his gratitude was strongly avowed to both Napoleon and Joseph. Morfontaine, embellished by artificial lakes, islands, rocks and plantations, was one of the most delightful country-seats in France. On the first day of the festival a concert was performed by the principal musicians of Paris. Next day there was a stag and hare hunting; and in the evening, theatrical performances by the best actors, concluded with fireworks."

We get sight of an American celebrity:—

#### A GLIMPSE OF CORNWALLIS.

"Public negotiations were opened in December, 1801, at Amiens, between Joseph Bonaparte and Washington's prisoner at Yorktown, the

Marquess of Cornwallis. Joseph was then a gay young man of thirty-three, but with ten years' experience, legislative and diplomatic, in public affairs: well informed, discreet, conciliatory, and candid. I have never known a man whose word was more reliable; whatever he said was the calm result of conviction, and generally of mature consideration. I have heard him often speak of that negotiation, and of Lord Cornwallis, of whom he had the highest opinion, as a noble specimen of that high-minded English and Spanish rectitude which Joseph deemed more common in Spain than in France. Rufus King, who became acquainted, in England, with Lord Cornwallis, I have also heard, more than once pronounce his eulogium. The captive in 1781, of Washington and Rochambeau, at Yorktown, was at Amiens in 1801, a portly, handsome, old English gentleman, nearly seventy years of age, who took his long ride on horseback every day before dinner, and then drank his bottle, or more, of wine with his son, Lord Brome, his son-in-law, Colonel Singleton, and his natural son, Captain Nightingale, who were with him in France. Plain in dress, simple in manners, and true in unaffected conversation, Lord Cornwallis's diplomacy was much superior to the craft of contriving sophistry."

It is curious to read of the intricate state and family relations of the Bonapartes, and note the gravity with which a sturdy American democrat must needs write, as he is writing history, of their dynastic pretensions. This miscellaneous body would seem to consider France and Europe their peculiar property—a kind of imperial possession which they were cheated out of—a ridiculous assumption kept up for a quarter of a century, to turn out a prize in 1852. All America laughs at this as all Europe did a year or two—but a good part of Europe now looks serious. Where is the pretension and absurdity to end? Mr. Ingersoll celebrates the American views of Joseph, and the horror of the family at the tyranny of Louis Philippe, and the democratic tendencies of Napoleon's overthrow of kings. He asks, "of all his achievements, what remains? Not founder, but chief European builder of popular election, the permanent result of his career is representative government." Where is this species of government in France? Mr. Ingersoll may be right, but he must wait another turn of the wheel of fortune to see that result. It may be through or in spite of the Bonapartes. It does not look much like being with them.

#### DE QUINCEY'S NARRATIVE AND MISCELLANEOUS PAPERS.\*

THIS new addition to the series of Mr. De Quincey's papers is a selection made by the author himself, and may be supposed to represent, as it does, the flower of his genius. The brace of volumes contains some admirable specimens of the De Quincey style, where fact and metaphysics are quaintly blended with the calm enthusiasm of the opium-eater. The Flight of a Tartar Tribe has a marvellous ingenuity and continuity, and its verisimilitude ranks it with the best literary hoaxes on record. All our readers know his weird way of reaching the feelings, through the analysis and reduplication of the elements of sorrow; his wit and a certain scholastic metaphysical humor, not unminged with vulgar slang, are as remarkable. The gravest Coleridgean cannot but laugh at his gallery of that great philosopher's "mono-

\* Narrative and Miscellaneous Papers, by Thomas De Quincey. 2 vols. Ticknor & Co.



manic" antipathies and likings, "dressing up," as it were in his own clothes, such a set of scarecrows as eye has not beheld:—"Heavens! what an ark of unclean beasts would have been Coleridge's private *menagerie* of departed philosophers, could they all have been trotted out in succession! But did the reader feel them to be the awful bores which, in fact, they were? No; because Coleridge had blown upon these withered anatomies, through the blowpipe of his own creative genius, a stream of gas that swelled the tissue of their antediluvian wrinkles, forced color upon their cheeks, and splendor upon their sodden eyes. Such a process of ventriloquism never has existed. He spoke by their organs. They were the tubes; and he forced through their wooden machinery his own Beethoven harmonies."

#### COLERIDGE'S PET CHARACTERS.

"First came Dr. Andrew Bell. We knew him. Was he dull? Is a wooden spoon dull? Fishy were his eyes; torpedinous was his manner; and his main idea, out of two which he really had, related to the moon—from which you infer, perhaps, that he was lunatic. By no means. It was no craze, under the influence of the moon, which possessed him; it was an idea of mere hostility to the moon. The Madras people, like many others, had an idea that she influenced the weather. Subsequently the Herschels, senior and junior, systematized this idea; and then the wrath of Andrew, previously in a crescent state, actually dilated to a plenilunar orb. The Westmoreland people (for at the lakes it was we knew him) expounded his condition to us by saying that he was 'maffled'; which word means 'perplexed in the extreme.' His wrath did not pass into lunacy; it produced simple distraction; an uneasy fumbling with the idea; like that of an old superannuated dog who longs to worry, but cannot for want of teeth. In this condition you will judge that he was rather tedious. And in this condition Coleridge took him up. Andrew's other idea, because he had two, related to education. Perhaps six-sevenths of that also came from Madras. No matter, Coleridge took that up; Southey also; but Southey with his usual temperate fervor. Coleridge, on the other hand, found celestial marvels both in the scheme and in the man. Then commenced the apotheosis of Andrew Bell; and because it happened that his opponent, Lancaster, between ourselves, really had stolen his ideas from Bell, what between the sad wickedness of Lancaster and the celestial transfiguration of Bell, gradually Coleridge heated himself to such an extent, that people, when referring to that subject, asked each other, 'Have you heard Coleridge lecture on *Bel and the Dragon*?'"

The opium-eater pays off Bowyer, the flogging master of Christ's Hospital, handsomely:—

#### FLOGGING BOWYER.

"The third person raised to divine honors by Coleridge was Bowyer, the master of Christ's Hospital, London—a man whose name rises into the nostrils of all who knew him with the gracious odor of a tallow-chandler's melting house upon melting day, and whose memory is embalmed in the hearty detestation of all his pupils. Coleridge describes this man as a profound critic. Our idea of him is different. We are of opinion that Bowyer was the greatest villain of the eighteenth century. We may be wrong; but we cannot be far wrong. Talk of knouting indeed! which we did at the beginning of this paper in the mere playfulness of our hearts—and which the great master of the knout, Christopher, who visited men's trespasses like the Eumenides, never resorted to but in love for some great idea which had been outraged;

why, this man knouted his way through life, from bloody youth to truculent old age. Grim idol! whose altars reeked with children's blood, and whose dreadful eyes never smiled except as the stern goddess of the Thugs smiles, when the sound of human lamentations inhabits her ears. So much had the monster fed upon this great idea of 'flogging,' and transmuted it into the very nutriment of his heart, that he seems to have conceived the gigantic project of flogging all mankind; nay worse, for Mr. Gilman, on Coleridge's authority, tells us (p. 24) the following anecdote:—

"'Sirrah, I'll flog you,' were words so familiar to him, that on one occasion some female friend of one of the boys (who had come on an errand of intercession), 'still lingering at the door, after having been abruptly told to go, Bowyer exclaimed—'Bring that woman here, and I'll flog her!'

"To this horrid incarnation of whips and scourges, Coleridge, in his *Biographia Literaria*, ascribes ideas upon criticism and taste, which every reader will recognize as the intense peculiarities of Coleridge. Could these notions really have belonged to Bowyer, then how do we know but he wrote *The Ancient Mariner*? Yet, on consideration, no. For even Coleridge admitted that, spite of his fine theorizing upon composition, Mr. Bowyer did not prosper in the practice. Of which he gave us this illustration; and as it is supposed to be the only specimen of the Bowyeriana which now survives in this sublunary world, we are glad to extend its glory. It is the most curious example extant of the melodious in sound:—

"'T was thou that smooth'd'st the rough-rugg'd bed of pain."

"'Smooth'd'st! Would the teeth of a crocodile not splinter under that word? It seems to us as if Mr. Bowyer's verses ought to be boiled before they can be read. And when he says, '*Twas thou*, what is the wretch talking to? Can he be apostrophizing the knout? We very much fear it. If so, then, you see (reader)! that, even when incapacitated by illness from operating, he still adores the image of his holy scourge, and invokes it as alone able to smooth 'his rough-rugg'd bed.' Oh, thou infernal Bowyer! upon whom even Trollope (*History of Christ's Hospital*) charges 'a discipline tinged with more than due severity;—can there be any partners found for thee in a quadrille, except Draco, the bloody lawgiver, Bishop Bonner, and Mrs. Browning?'

Turning to another paper we have a curious instance of De Quincey's constructive logic, in a sketch of "The System of the Heavens as revealed by Lord Rosse's Telescopes." He fastens his eye, with a fixed gaze, on a print in an astronomical book of Dr. Nichols, of the famous Nebula in the sword-scabard of Orion, which was once the wondrous admiration of Huygens, and which we too (thanks to the kindness of our friend, Mr. John Campbell in Sixteenth street, the possessor of one of the best, if not the best, appointed private telescopes in the country, an achromatic eight-inch glass), have been privileged to admire. You may see this monster nightly, far away from vulgar eye in the inner courts of heaven, as the constellation rises upward in the winter sky:

#### THE NEBULA IN ORION, AS FORCED TO SHOW OUT BY LORD ROSSE.

"You see a head thrown back, and raising its face (or eyes, if eyes it had), in the very anguish of hatred, to some unknown heavens. What should be its skull wears what might be an Assyrian tiara, only ending behind in a floating train. This head rests upon a beautifully developed neck and throat. All power being given to the awful enemy, he is beautiful where he

pleases, in order to point and envenom his ghostly ugliness. The mouth, in that stage of the Apocalypse which Sir John Herschel was able to arrest in his eighteen inch mirror, is amply developed. Brutalities unspeakable sit upon the upper lip, which is confluent with a snout; for separate nostrils there are none. Were it not for this one defect of nostrils; and, even in spite of this defect (since in so mysterious a mixture of the angelic and the brutal, we may suppose the sense of odor to work by some compensatory organ), one is reminded by the phantom's attitude of a passage, ever memorable, in Milton: that passage, I mean, where Death first becomes aware, soon after the original trespass, of his own future empire over man. The 'meagre shadow' even smiles (for the first time and the last) on apprehending his own abominable bliss, by apprehending from afar the savor 'of mortal change on earth.'

—"Such a scent" (he says), 'I draw Of carnage, prey innumerable.'

"As illustrating the attitude of the phantom in Orion, let the reader allow me to quote the tremendous passage:—

"So saying, with delight he snuff'd the smell Of mortal change on earth. As when a flock Of ravenous fowl, though many a league remote, Against the day of battle, to a field, Where armies lie encamp'd, come flying, lured With scent of living carcasses design'd For death, the following day, in bloody fight; So scented the grim feature, and upurn'd His nostril wide into the murky air, Sagacious of his quarry from so far!"

"But the lower lip, which is drawn inwards with the curve of a conch shell,—Oh, what a convolute of cruelty and revenge is there! Cruelty!—to whom? Revenge!—for what? Ask not, whisper not. Look upwards to other mysteries. In the very region of his temples, driving itself downwards into his cruel brain, and breaking the continuity of his diadem, is a horrid chasm, a ravine, a shaft, that many centuries would not traverse; and it is serrated on its posterior wall with a harrow that perhaps is partly hidden. From the anterior wall of this chasm rise, in vertical directions, two processes; one perpendicular, and rigid as a horn, the other streaming forward before some portentous breath. What these could be, seemed doubtful; but now, when further examinations by Sir John Herschel, at the Cape of Good Hope, have filled up the scattered outline with a rich umbrageous growth, one is inclined to regard them as the plumes of a sultan. Dressed he is, therefore, as well as armed. And finally comes Lord Rosse, that glorifies him with the jewelry of stars: he is now a vision 'to dream of, not to tell': he is ready for the worship of those that are tormented in sleep: and the stages of his solemn uncovering by astronomy, first by Sir W. Herschel, secondly, by his son, and finally by Lord Rosse, is like the reversing of some heavenly doom, like the raising of the seals that had been sealed by the angel, in the Revelation."

#### FINANCIERING.\*

THERE is a certain short but busy street in Gotham, the pulsations of whose financial heart are felt to the veriest extremes of our national body corporate, and produce sensible effects upon similar hearts in far distant lands.

The said heart, we regret to add, is of a hard and obdurate variety, and the circulating medium that it projects, and recalls, through, and from the system, is not good honest blood, but heavy red gold.

At one end of this street and looking down upon its whole extent, stands and frowns a lofty and aspiring church, placed there, as if purposely, for a house of refuge

\*The Financial History of Texas, by William M. Gouge. Philadelphia: Lippincott, Grambo & Co.

to those unfortunates who may have fallen among thieves "and lost their last penny in some dark corner" where they have been enticed by the prospect of great gain.

At the other, a very excellent opportunity—in the shape of a deep and rapid river—presents itself to the "mourners," who may prefer *felo de se*, and choose to shuffle off this mortal coil, to cut loose with the assistance of the tide. Between great Banks upon either side, there whirls and eddies, from 9 A.M. until 4 P.M. a living stream, running up and down, turning to and fro, standing at times in little pools—not quiet even then, but worked upon by an under-current, and ever in a state of unrest—without show of regularity, except that at the former hour the flood pours in very strongly indeed—the little ripples tripping gaily along at first, and the heavy swells rolling in somewhat later; and at the latter, the ebb sets out with proportionate violence—the heavy swells however, this time, taking precedence.

This street was once a kind of cis-atlantic Chinese wall and line of defence for our good old Knickerbockers, and a locality at that time much affected by the domestic animals of the settlement and the wild beasts of the wild woods, which circumstance accounts very satisfactorily for the number of bulls and bears that infest it in our day. The bears are often "little;" the bulls on the contrary, sometimes "large." The lofty buildings on either side contain as many cells as a honey-comb, are pierced through and through like an ant-hill, and filled to overflowing with a large assortment and great variety of human insects, pursuing many kinds of occupations—money alone the end and aim of all—in narrow dens, for whose occupation more than the rental of an Italian palace is paid.

Bankers and brokers—of corn and cotton, bills and exchange, flour and drugs, lands and houses, ships and stock, sugars and coffee, money and molasses, liquors and patent paint—editors and reporters, toothache drops and fighting cocks, *al fresco* restaurants and peregrinating pie-shops, sharp cutlery (in keeping, that) and match horses, lozenges and terrier pups, new novels and Newfoundland dogs, Olmskirk gingerbread and old umbrellas, fill up and whirl about the street.

In certain sly corners also are certain snugly concealed caves, into which, at all times, bulls and bears may be seen diving—the bulls probably to "whet up their horns," and the bears to suck up fat oysters out of their paws.

Although one half of the operators—those who look up street while driving a bargain—may be said to literally keep the church in view, yet there is every reason to apprehend that the laws of meum and tuum are not correctly understood by them. In despite of the many honest and worthy men who congregate there, in defiance of the "Board," that pronounces the "*ex cathedra*" not only upon all who may have transgressed the rules of business probity, but even on those unhappy wretches, the "lame ducks," until they have satisfied their creditors; notwithstanding divers precautions, so many unscrupulous "operators" of every degree, white and black—for negroes there be with shaven polls and Spanish-looking wigs, outsiders, sharks, pilot-fish, and Tombs lawyers; all seeking a sop from the great kettle—flies will swarm around the honey-pot—that it

be seems the casual visitor of that region to keep his pockets well buttoned, and an eye out in every direction. Gold is the god, the day-star of the street, and money, that in former times only "made the mare go" is now the only true patent of nobility; modest merit makes way for mint-drops, and the man of many descents yields the *pas* to the master of a million.

So many queer things have of late occurred, that among the *chevaliers d'industrie*, and the knights of the order of the brazen star, "financiering" has come to be but another name for obtaining other men's money, and speculation loses its initial letter.

"Put money in thy purse," says Iago; "get money honestly if you can, but get money," gasps the expiring Scot. The jingle of coin, however obtained, has in it something very soothing to the worldling's conscience, and the possessor, as he laughs over his "pile," may aptly exclaim with Horace—

"— *Populus me sibilat, at mihi plaudo*  
*Ipsæ domi, simul ac nummos contemplor in*  
*arcæ.*"

Which may be freely rendered—

*Let people hiss; yet cash in hand,*  
*My risibles I can't command.*

Sometimes, however, the street is shaken to its centre; the tables turned and the shearers shorn; the light of certain bright speculations—to be made by some dark and sly "corner,"—has faded away, and when

"— *the last Ray is departing,*"

after an astounding "raise," then there is lamentation in Israel, the voice of Aminadab mourning over his money-bags, and Wall street, if enquired of concerning its health, might feelingly reply, in the simple but pathetic words of the old song—

"None the better Mr. Tompkins,  
For seeing you-out; for seeing you."

But, heavens! at what a pace have we been going! Our article, like a dwarf, is all head. There is, however, something so tempting and suggestive in the idea of Texas' financiering, and that too, described by a Mr. "Gouge," that for the life of us we could not help it.

In a well-appointed volume of some 400 pages 8vo. Mr. Gouge has given us a very lucid and carefully digested account of the loans and the attempted loans of Texas; her financial difficulties, and the manner in which they were evaded, if they could not be overcome; and incidentally, also, a laconic but faithful history of the country.

Considering the dearth of record and want of correct histories of the young State, it is a marvel how the author has collected such a mass of valuable and reliable information, and prepared a book of so much interest to all concerned in the pending question—the cancelling or paying off of the Republic's debts.

Dry as the subject naturally is, and usually possessed of so little of interest to the general reader, yet there is much in these pages not only to instruct, but also to amuse.

"Please the pigs," exclaims honest Pat,—and a very potent if-ism it is, for it is no less strange than true, that two important events in our country's history were owing entirely to the unsolicited and impertinent interference of pigs in politics.

An unruly scion of this oleaginous race once bred a quarrel between neighbors; the quarrel of course gave birth to a law-suit,

and a member of Congress detained from his seat by it, lost the opportunity of casting a vote that would have prevented the late war with England.

Mr. Bullock's pigs defeated the loan which General Hamilton had nearly obtained of France, as we learn by the following authentic history of

#### THE FELONIOUS PIGS AND THE FRENCH MINISTER.

"Mr. Bullock's pigs were the aggressors. M. de Saligny had a number of horses which he fed with corn. Mr. Bullock's pigs intruded into the stables to pick up the corn the horses suffered to fall upon the ground. One of M. de Saligny's servants killed one of Mr. Bullock's pigs. Mr. Bullock whipped the servant. This enraged M. de Saligny; he influenced his brother-in-law, M. Humann, the Minister of Finance at Paris, and General Hamilton's loan was defeated."

From this day money became an unknown thing in Texas, and the currency was confined to cows and calves. A cow and calf were equivalent to Ten Dollars, and a note for so much money was perfectly understood to signify but a certain number of cows and calves.

Now, cows and calves are very useful things in their way—when not in your way—they look very prettily upon a green prairie, and appear to great advantage if skillfully depicted in a landscape. They are also indispensable necessities in the milk, butter, and cheese department; but when it comes to travelling about with a dozen or so in one's pocket, and pulling out a cow to pay for a pair of boots, or asking a man to take his change out of a calf for his tavern bill, the whole affair becomes quite preposterous. If any one should doubt it let him try the experiment.

The principal object and moral of Mr. Gouge's book appears to be to induce the Texans to redeem their bills—issued at very low rates—for their par value. To all interested in the subject, we commend the work, and especially to—Wall street.

#### MOORE'S MEMOIRS AND JOURNAL.\*

THE first instalment from the Appletons of the Memoirs of Tom Moore, with Lord John Russell's preface, the autobiography of the poet, and some of his early letters.

Lord John Russell's presentation of his friend is in excellent taste, hearty in feeling, and quietly-toned in manner. He dwells lovingly upon the best qualities of the man, his truthfulness, his manly independence, his affectionate heart, his never-failing love for his mother, his faithful devotion to his wife, the constancy of his home affections and friendships. With a few touches, neatly executed, his Lordship delineates the author, the lyric poet, warm in feeling, delicate in fancy, and melodious in verse, the poetical satirist, flowing with ease and sparkling with wit, and the prose writer, unaffected in style and honest in purpose.

The biography of Moore, by himself, written unpretendingly, but in a style of simple elegance, gives us a most charming history of the poet's early life, his days of childhood, his precocious development of the poetical faculty, his college career, his social and literary friendships and enjoyments. The biography begins with the poet's birth in Dublin, and ends with his first dinner at the

\* Memoirs, Journal, and Correspondence of Thomas Moore, edited by Lord John Russell. New York, D. Appleton & Co. Part I.



Temple, in London. During his early life in Ireland Moore was a witness of the exciting incidents of the Irish Rebellion, and a friend of some of the main conspirators, and there is in his autobiography an interesting record of his friendship with Emmett and other Irish patriots, as is our honored custom to call them, although the poet persists in terming them *rebels*.

The letters in the present volume are mostly addressed to his own family, and in their simple utterances of affection show the poet in the light of a natural, warm-hearted man.

Moore's visit to America, on his way to a registrarship in Bermuda, which turned out as unprofitable as Hook's place in the Mauritius, was at a time when the rough work of our country demanded all its energies, and left no time for the soft dalliance with love-songs and songsters, with Moore and his melodies: a time very different from this, when America listens night after night to Thackeray, reads his books with admiration, feasts him sumptuously every day, and sends him away with his pockets full of money, and a good banking account to his credit, and is ready to welcome him back that more may be received and more given. Moore had but little sympathy with the rude energies of a new country, and we are not surprised to find in his letters from the United States a prevailing tone of querulousness and dissatisfaction.

His tribute to Niagara may be added as a curiosity, to that of other illustrious visitors, but with the apostrophes of Fanny Kemble and others it must be set down as a failure of the English language to support the enormous idea.

#### NIAGARA.

"TO HIS MOTHER.

"Niagara, July, 24, 1864.

"My dearest Mother,—I have seen the Falls, and am all rapture and amazement. I cannot give you a better idea of what I felt than by transcribing what I wrote off hastily in my journal on returning. 'Arrived at Chippewa, within three miles of the Falls, on Saturday, July 21st, to dinner. That evening walked towards the Falls, but got no further than the Rapids, which gave us a prelibation of the grandeur we had to expect. Next day, Sunday, July 22d, went to visit the Falls. Never shall I forget the impression I felt at the first glimpse of them, which we got as the carriage passed over the hill that overlooks them. We were not near enough to be agitated by the terrific effects of the scene; but saw through the trees this mighty flow of waters descending with calm magnificence, and received enough of its grandeur to set imagination on the wing; imagination, which, even at Niagara, can outrun reality. I felt as if approaching the very residence of the Deity; the tears started into my eyes; and I remained, for moments after we had lost sight of the scene, in that delicious absorption which pious enthusiasm alone can produce. We arrived at the New Ladder and descended to the bottom. Here all its awful sublimities rushed full upon me. But the former exquisite sensation was gone. I now saw all. The string that had been touched by the first impulse, and which fancy would have kept forever in vibration, now rested at *reality*. Yet, though there was no more to imagine, there was much to feel. My whole heart and soul ascended towards the Divinity in a swell of devout admiration, which I never before experienced. Oh! bring the atheist here, and he cannot return an atheist! I pity the man who can coldly sit down to write a description of these ineffable wonders; much

more do I pity him who can submit them to the admeasurement of gallons and yards. It is impossible by pen or pencil to convey even a faint idea of their magnificence. Painting is lifeless: and the most burning words of poetry have all been lavished upon inferior and ordinary subjects. We must have new combinations of language to describe the Falls of Niagara."

The compensations of a sudden flight into high life are pleasantly set forth in another letter to his mother:—

#### NECESSITY FOR A NEW COAT.

"August 4, 1860.

"I was yesterday introduced to his Royal Highness, George, Prince of Wales. He is beyond doubt a man of very fascinating manners. When I was presented to him he said he was very happy to know a man of my abilities; and when I thanked him for the honor he did me in permitting the dedication of *Anacreon*, he stopped me and said, the honor was *entirely* his in being allowed to put his name to a work of such merit. He then said that he hoped when he returned to town in the winter, we should have many opportunities of enjoying each other's society; that he was passionately fond of music, and had long heard of my talents in that way. Is not all this very fine? But, my dearest mother, it has cost me a *new coat*; for the introduction was unfortunately deferred till my former one was grown confoundingly shabby, and I got a coat made up in six hours; however, it cannot be helped; I got it on an economical plan, by giving two guineas and an *old coat*, whereas the usual price of a coat here is near four pounds."

We are impatient for the coming volumes, with more Letters and that Diary of the poet, so full of promise of good things, from which we expect to gather a full and interesting history of Moore's domestic and London life, of the man at home, and of the literary celebrity, wit, and choice companion of society.

#### LITERATURE—BOOKS OF THE WEEK, ETC.

THE *Electric Telegraph* it would seem, like other gentlemen who occasionally fall into sudden possession of a great property, with a corresponding range of duties and ceremonies, is not quite "up" to all the new obligations of its position,—especially, since, with the commencement of the present session the Senators have taken so resolutely to the quotation of Latin. The *Telegraph*, it is evident, though with a tolerable common-school education, has not had the graces of an academic education. Its latinity is shocking. In fact the *Telegraph* deserves an immense flogging (to be inflicted by the first thunder-storm) for some of its recent exhibition performances in this line. A monitorial newspaper makes the following report:—

"The Boston *Tu-Day* says that the telegraph fairly ran wild with *Latin quotations*, which concluded Mr. Seward's remarks upon Mr. Webster in the Senate on Tuesday last. The Boston newspapers on Wednesday varied slightly in their readings; but the established version appeared to be: 'Quantis in sugustis cestre gloria se dilatari val valis.' In these so-called 'words of the Roman orator,' it would be difficult to recognize Cicero (*De Republican*, vi. 20), 'Quantis in angustis vestra gloria se dilatari velit.' The *National Intelligencer* hereupon remarks, that there are other ways of disfiguring quotations in foreign languages—which, by the way, are too frequently used—than by committing them to the wires of the telegraph. A case in point might be cited from the *Intelligencer* of Wednesday, in which two words of a Latin quotation,

introduced in Mr. Senator Cass' speech, were erroneously printed, in consequence of the careless manner in which they had been transcribed. Gentlemen who find it necessary to cite a foreign language, cannot take too much pains with their chirography. The quotation in the speech of Mr. Cass ought to have read thus:—

Quam circumfusa repente,  
Scindit ac nubes, et in aethera purgat apertum."

While on this topic we may congratulate the Senators on what Lord Coke used to call the preposterous lection of these quotations. They may serve a dozen good purposes, among others by allaying the irritation of the country on war questions, it being quite impossible to conceive an orator very much in earnest in his philippics who finds time, in the heat of passion, to turn over old Burton's thousand pages for a line from Juvenal or Persius. A member, too, must feel very much relieved after the safe delivery of one of these passages. Thackeray, in one of his books, speaks of "Sir Robert Peel occasionally, in the House of Commons, letting off a quotation—a pocket-pistol wadded with a leaf torn out of Horace." What fire-arms can be more harmless, how much more endurable in the capitol than six-barreled revolvers!

There is a serious side, too, to the question, which we mention for the profitable consideration of our English journals. It is the happy result of the voluntary system in keeping up classical education, as compared with the University protection of Oxford and Cambridge. At this day there is probably more Latin quoted in the House of Representatives at Washington than in the House of Commons at Westminster! We have the best lexicons (as Andrews', which is exported largely to England), classical editors, as Anthon, and editions of classics springing up around us on every side. Gentlemen of the Oxford University commission, you need not be afraid of a deficient supply of quotations for Parliament, though Christ's Church and Trinity were "in the flat sea sunk." Disraeli would still be able to compare the Duke to Stilicho and a second Lord North pun indefinitely out of Horace.

For the benefit of our legislators, we may mention a pleasant remark of Canning, which we met with the other day in turning over the pages of Hansard. An honorable member had been very profuse in his quotations from Virgil. Canning met him shortly afterwards. "By the way," says he, "when are you going to give us the rest of the *Æneid*?"

Fame is of no country, says some popular adage. We begin to think so when we find "our own Halleck," a poet in his eleventh edition and the only performer extant on the trumpet of Campbell (could he not be induced after the break-downs of Tennyson and Longfellow, to say something about the Duke of Wellington) boggled about so terribly by some critical surgeons in a recent English periodical. In No. 149 of *Notes and Queries*, Bosc enquires if anybody knows whence the lines—

"Lord Stafford mines for coal and salt,  
The Duke of Norfolk deals in malt,  
The Douglas in red herrings;  
And noble name, and cultured land,  
Palace and park, and vassal band,  
Are powerless to the notes of hand  
Of Rothschilds or the Barings."

can possibly come from. Six weeks after—

wards, in No. 156, J. H. L. informs *Bosley* that "he will find the lines in 'Lines to Alnwick Castle,' which, he adds, "which, however, I have never seen in print, by Hallett or Hallard, an American author—I am quoting from memory, and forget the name." "Is this all," asks Lord Byron, "and do we rip the veil of immortality" and do various other absurd and impossible things for this? Hallett or Hallard! As if the *Literary World* should propound a query touching Dixon or Timpkins, a man who was several years ago in this country and wrote something once upon a time about a coachman, or ask who is the author of *Thwackaway's Works*. Can such things be in England, a land of culture and refinement. Uncle Tom circulated by the million, and Halleck spelt wrong!

That poem of Alnwick Castle is a triumph even for a Percy. We once visited Alnwick partly for its sake, but there was no admission within the castle. That poem should be a passport to every American traveller knocking at its walls, to the end of time.

J. H. L. proceeds after his revelation of Hallett or Hallard to quote a few passages of the poem. As it differs essentially from the author's text we may quote a passage for the English variations:

"You ask, if yet the Percy lives  
In the fond pomp of feudal state?  
The present representatives  
Of Hotspur and his gentle Kate  
Are some half-dozen serving men  
In the drab coats of William Penn;  
A chambermaid, whose large black eye  
And jetty hair, so long and curling,  
Spoke Nature's aris-to-cracy,  
And one half-groom, half seneschal,  
Who bowed me through court, bower and hall,  
From donjon vault to turret wall,  
For ten and sixpence sterling."

That is Mr. Hallard's poem! Halleck, you remember, prefers

"In the proud pomp of feudal state,"  
and  
"A chambermaid whose lip and eye  
And cheek, and brown hair, bright and curling,  
Spoke nature's aris-to-cracy,"  
(not aris-to-cracy like a cockney swell minstrel),  
and  
"From donjon-keep to turret wall."

The third lecture of the *Historical Society* course was delivered last week by the Rev. Dr. William Allen of Bowdoin College. His topic was the life of John Hampden, a subject drawn within the scope of an American historical association by the cause for which he labored so nobly in England and peculiarly, as the orator endeavored to prove, by his actual residence in this country, as the identical person mentioned by Winslow, the "Master John Hampden," who accompanied him in his visit to the Indian chief Massasoit in 1623. The lecture has not been published in full with the specialities of the argument, which seems to have been chiefly from the negative side of his non-appearance in England, and we are indebted to a newspaper report (*Daily Times*, Dec. 24), for this brief mention:

"Referring to the disputed point whether the John Hampden who figured in the British Parliament was identical with the John Hampden who accompanied Winslow to visit the sick Indian Chief, he said it was a matter of interest to us Americans, and went fully into the argument adduced on both sides. He concurred in

the opinion that it was one and the same person. The coincidence of time, and name, and circumstance, was too strong to warrant any other conclusion, unless the contrary were proved, which was not. It was highly probable that in 1622 '23, the question of ship money having been decided, Hampden was induced to secure his safety from the animosity of Charles by a visit to the New England Pilgrims. The lecturer in dwelling on the estimation in which his character has been universally held, quoted the familiar lines from Gray's *Elegy*, in which the patriot's name gained new immortality, and took occasion to speak of the lamented statesman of our own country whose closing hours were cheered by that beautiful poem."

Dickens' *Bleak House* is half way through its twenty months' gestation, with its tenth number. The story has been laboring somewhat lately with its intricate network of detective police villainies, and it had evidently become necessary for the author to make some demonstration of a very decided character. This, we may pronounce to be successfully accomplished in the denouement of Mr. Crook, "the Lord Chancellor of the Rag and Bottle Shop," who disappears in Chapter XXXII. of suicide? no!—of the hanging distemper? no!—of typhus or cholera? no!—is he murdered or sacked or boiled? no—but he evaporates, a case of Spontaneous Combustion! It is the first time novelist, we believe, has ever employed this peculiarly delicate method of disposing of a troublesome character. How will the nerves of Belgravia be affected by it? This number of Dickens should be read by the ladies with a bottle of strong salts at hand and by the gentlemen with a stiff stomachie of brandy and water. Dickens makes you not only peruse that horrible transaction but compels you to breathe it, smell it, taste it:

"Why, Toney, what on earth is going on in this house to night? Is there a chimney on fire?"

"Chimney on fire!"

"Ah!" returns Mr. Guppy. "See how the soot's falling. See here on my arm! See again, on the table here! Confound the stuff, it won't blow off—smears like black fat!"

This, it must be acknowledged, is strong writing.

But it follows the medical books. Such sponges of alcohol as Crook go out of the world, on rare occasions, in precisely the manner detailed, and if you want proof of the fact beyond the penny-a-line reports of the newspapers, you will find it in the medical authorities which Mr. Dickens appears to have consulted. Dunglison, in his *Medical Lexicon*, gives

"COMBUSTION, HUMAN, *Spontaneous Combustion*, &c.—These terms have been applied to the extraordinary phenomenon of a rapid destruction of the human body, by being reduced to ashes, either spontaneously or by the contact of an ignited substance. It is said to have occurred in the aged and in those that were fat and hard drinkers."

And Good, in his *Study of Medicine*, almost in Dickens' words, describes the attendant phenomena:

"The event has usually taken place at night when the sufferer has been alone; and has commonly been discovered by the fetid penetrating scent of sooty films which have spread to a considerable distance; the unhappy subject has in every instance been found dead or more or less completely burnt up; the burnt parts being reduced to an oily, crumbly, sooty and extremely offensive matter."

Other pages of this number relieve the horrors of this catastrophe. Mr. Skimpole, who carries the dilettanti form of indolent selfishness to an absurdity, is amusingly sketched in a new scene, which leads to a passage of surpassing tenderness on the part of the gentle, amiable narrator of the story, Esther Summerson.

Those of our readers "addicted" to good literature, know the value for taste, learning, and the best historical information of the *Retrospective Review*, which was published in London from 1820-28. The plan was an admirable one, faithfully carried out in a gentlemanly spirit of scholarship, appreciative of the subtleties of literature without pedantry. Another work, bearing the same title, has just been commenced by the antiquarian publisher, John Russell Smith. It is to be issued quarterly, and glean or rather reap after its predecessor in fields where a new harvest has sprung up. There is abundant material for such a work, not only in the varieties of English criticism, but especially in the mediæval literature of the continent. We trust the distinction we have noticed, of the earlier work, will not be forgotten, the necessity of superadding to the dry letter of these studies the finer perceptions of the poetical mind. Mr. Smith's first number opens with a pleasant article on Aphra Behn's Comedies of Charles II.'s time, witty and profligate; a lady described in a not over delicate couplet of Pope. Bishop Berkeley's series is made the text of a paper on the celebrated use of tar water—from which Berkeley extracted not only health for the body but a highly metaphysical essay on the Trinity! French Pictures of the English in the last Century, is a sketch of the misconception of "the other side of the Channel." There is a noticeable subject of speculation in an article on Population and Emigration, at the beginning of the 17th Century. Increase Mather's Remarkable Providences furnishes an American historical paper, and the travels of a French gentleman of 1643, and that period, Boullaye-le-Gouz, supply various picturesque matters of Europe and the East. The original folio Shakspeare is insisted upon as authority in that field, and the number closes with some literary anecdotes from old MSS.

Mr. Davidson, at the office of the *Literary World*, is the agent for this publication in the United States.

America has a true love of poetry. There is no such elegant and complete edition of "the Poetical Works of Henry Alford, Vicar of Wymeswold, Leicestershire," in England, as Mr. Fields has just published in Boston. The American taste is delicate and devout, fed by ten thousand springs of female refinement. For the religious sentiment and "hearts at leisure," Mr. Alford writes much after the manner of William Wordsworth, without that author's fire and original inspiration. He is a poet of the Church of England and celebrates her solemn days and ritual. So did Wordsworth. He writes sonnets too, never without a modest gracefulness and feeling, and he has cast the longest poem of his series "The School of the Heart" in the mould of the *Excursion*. The book may please and soothe by every page. The following sonnet might be returned appropriately to Mr. Alford himself:



"TO THE AUTHOR OF 'THE RECTORY OF  
VALEHEAD.'

"There is a sweet well-spring of purity  
In thy holy heart, whereout unceasing flow  
Its living waters, freshening as they go  
The weary deserts of humanity:  
There is a spirit in words, which doth express  
Celestial converse and divine employ;  
A surface of unbroken gentleness,  
With an under-current of deep-running joy.  
I closed thy holy book this Sabbath morn;  
And it hath spread like billow-calming oil  
Upon my spirit, in the loud turmoil  
Of ever-stirring passions, tempest-worn;  
Thy Master's peace be thine, even as thou hast  
Over this soul a holy quiet cast."

BOHN'S LIBRARIES keep pace with the present day, as well as draw along the "sweet and dainty burthen" of Antiquity. By the side of a florilegium of the Greek Anthology we have Col. Maxwell's *Victories of Wellington and the British Armies*, in a new edition completed to the present time. The Anthology alluded to is a complete translation in prose, chiefly by George Burges, and for the most part, in additional verse, by the Cowpers, Coleridges, Merivales, Professor Wilsons, and others, of the selection in use at Westminster, Eton, and other public schools. The volume is a fine study of the old ways of Greece, in its occasional verses, which were of a far higher stamp than the epigrams of the present day. We get no better idea of the Greek intellect and feeling in their higher moods than through these simple inscriptions or votive offerings in verse, as they are called forth by some unusual calamity or felicity of life, a quatrain at a wedding or a funeral, the memorial of a birth or a tomb, the tribute to a statue or a fountain. Indeed what now falls in a newspaper to the tender mercies of a penny-a-liner was then inscribed by a genuine bard in immortal verse, and the vague inscriptions on our tombstones, which we leave to the stone-cutter, were then the expression of definite realities by the poet.

The best edition of *John Foster's Life and Correspondence* is now publishing, in two volumes, in Bohn's Library, and we have Whewell's admirable treatise on *Astronomy and General Physics* in the series of the Bridgewater Treatises.

Among Mr. Bohn's classical publications we perceive a reprint of Dr. Lieber's translation, &c. of Bumshorn's Latin Synonymes, first published at Boston.

The week closing, January 1, brings up the last of the Holiday books of the season. Of those not before noticed in our columns we may mention *The Wheat-sheaf*, a well-selected volume of gleanings in prose and verse, by Enoch Lewis, Philadelphia, and published by W. P. Hazard. Its taste is evidently Quakerish, which is saying at once that the volume inculcates moderation, benevolence, and freedom of thought. Dickens's *Christmas Tales* have been published by the Harpers in a single neat volume. The first remains the best of them, but they are all good, A Christmas Carol, the Chimes, The Cricket on the Hearth, the Battle of Life, The Haunted Man. They are of the kindly holiday element, with the true ring.

Messrs. Harper have reprinted, in a convenient volume, Gorgei's *Life and Acts in Hungary in the years 1848 and 1849*. Of course all persons zealously affected by

the mission of Kossuth will purchase copies at once, that they may put themselves in a proper historical frame of mind—we should like to see them for once in that style of portraiture;—but we fear enthusiasts seldom read or weigh testimony. However this book may disparage Kossuth as a soldier, it is in one sense a tribute to his tact and eloquence in making Hungarian affairs so much more endurable to foreign and American ears than his rival commander does to his reader, in these military memoirs.

*Country Rambles in England; or, Journal of a Naturalist; with Notes and Additions*, by the author of "Rural Hours." (Buffalo: Phinney & Co.)—The Journal of a Naturalist was published several years since, and has maintained its place in the same company with the Natural History of Selborne—a most agreeable work on rural life. Why the title "Country Rambles in England" is prefixed, unless to convey the impression that an old book is a new one, we are at a loss to conjecture. We are glad to see that Miss Cooper sets the matter right so far as her editorship is concerned, in the first sentence of her pleasant preface, by giving the date and authorship of the work. She has also added a number of interesting notes.

*The Summer and Winter of the Soul*, by the Rev. Erskine Neal, M.A. (M. W. Dodd).—This volume contains sketches of various persons eminent for piety, and of others whose career unfortunately serves for warning rather than example. The collection of names, thirteen in number, is somewhat heterogeneous, Mrs. Sherwood being followed by Francis Jeffrey (who is criticised with much the same harshness he is blamed for dealing to others), Caroline Fry by John Sterling, Elizabeth Squirrel, the recent impostor (who pretended to live without eating, and is introduced here with very little profit) by General Lee. Each, however, serves to "point the moral" of the title-page.

*The Finland Family; or, Fancies taken for Facts. A Tale of the Past for the Present*, by Mrs. Susan Peyton Cornwall. (M. W. Dodd.) A story of domestic life designed to show that popular superstitions are not yet all rooted out, but still exercise baneful influence over the young and credulous.

*American Missionary Memorial, including Biographical and Historical Sketches*, by H. W. Pierson, A.M. (Harper & Brothers.) This volume contains a brief sketch of the origin of American Missions, commencing with the labors of Mr. Judson and his coadjutors in calling attention of the Christian community to the subject, their ordination, and subsequent labors. These are followed by the biographies of others, women as well as men, who have distinguished themselves in this noble field of Christian heroism. The sketches are accompanied by portraits of the person commemorated, fac-similes of their handwriting, and views of places interesting in connexion with them. These are generally well executed, with the exception of the frontispiece, which looks more like a caricature than a proper representation of an impressive scene.

The second course of Dr. Lardner's *Hand-books of Natural Philosophy and Astronomy* has been published by Blanchard & Lea. It includes Heat, Magnetism, Common and Voltaic Electricity. In clearness and simplicity of statement, Dr. Lardner's merits, as an instructor, are universally acknowledged.

The *American Almanac* for 1853 is now

ready, from the press of Little, Brown & Co. Its astronomical department is very full, under the charge of Lieut. Charles Henry Davis. The lists of the various officers of the Government at home and abroad, of Judges of the Courts, foreign consuls, &c., &c., is minute and accurately brought down to the present month. Its abstracts of the public laws and details of the administration of the several departments of government, render it an indispensable manual of reference for the current year.

The closing numbers of the *Art Journal* for this year, give us from the Vernon Gallery, two cattle-pieces by Ward and Cooper; a novel-looking Benjamin West, an Ecclesiastical interior of the Installation of the Knights of the Garter; Wilson's Ruins in Italy, imbued with classic feeling, and Pickersgill's Florimel and the Witch. The Vernon Gallery will probably be concluded the present year, with choice works of Maclise, Landseer, Eastlake, &c. The new features for 1853 are, an illustrated Artists' Tour from Antwerp to Rome, and Dress as a Fine Art, by Mrs. Merrifield. There are some good illustrations of Velasquez in the last number. An article on the New National Gallery informs us that of 223 works, 27 only have been acquired by purchase, and makes the admission—"With respect to the real worth of portions of some of the older collections in Europe, there might be made a selection from the Louvre, which, if offered for sale as the property of a private individual, would not realize on an average, five pounds for each picture, and so it would be with many other famous collections."

The republication of Dickens's *Household Words* has passed into the hands of Messrs. McElrath & Lord, Spruce st., by whom it will be issued with punctuality. The general appearance of the original is preserved, but the type is something smaller. The work itself preserves its best characteristics of pleasant, untiring and sound information.

#### SYMPOSIUM.

ἦσαν δὲ θεῶς κατ' ἀντίφωνα χεῖρ,  
ἐνθα μὲν ἐν φέλλοισι, φίλον τέτιν μένος ἦτος.

'Twas in those days, when fades the autumnal leaf,

When trees are gathering hues of every kind,  
When jocund Summer bids farewell, and brief  
Were all the joys that memory leaves behind.

When cloudless skies and bracing air have come,  
And buoyant thoughts inspire the youthful  
breast,

To seek the woodland sport, or loitering, roam  
In sylvan shades and follow joy's behest.

'Twas where a favorite stream its waters pours,  
Midst rugged rocks and then, with silent flow,  
Glides by a cherish'd seat, where fancy soars,  
And all the gifted Sons of Wisdom go.

In this retreat, the soul may find repose,  
With hemlocks green and shady oaks o'erhead,  
Upon the bank the flowery laurel grows,  
While waters murmur o'er their pebbled bed.

The forest birds in vocal numbers tell  
How nature here their melody inspires,  
By early matin and by evening knell,  
When morning comes and when the day retires.

Books find their way into these silent shades  
On themes to every varied mind attuned,  
Poetic fiction, romance or all grades  
Are here enjoyed while each dull care is  
shunned.

To cheer the mind's gay intellectual hours,  
The notes of Song are often raised in choir,  
For music's strains, in such secluded bowers,  
Exalt the sense and inspiration's fire.

Hither four gifted Sons of Wisdom came,  
One pleasant day, when free from learning's  
care,

Bent down with lore! but yet unknown to  
Fame,

To worship Pan and festive pleasures share.

No purpose their's the pleasures of the Muse  
To search, or in past annals' hive to dive,  
The Grecian or the Roman bards peruse,  
Or keep the flame of classic lamps alive.

"Avant such themes! this day they lay no  
claim

On us—for luxury's joys we've laid the plan,  
'Twas not to feast the mind we hither came,  
But seek indulgence for the inner man.

"Shade of Lucullus! o'er this scene preside,  
From genius, such as thine, this banquet sprung,  
Naught but symposial joys shall us betide,  
The world unknowing and by Muse unsung.

"Thrice happy they who thus secluded feel,  
Reposing on soft boughs of evergreen,  
Who into deep and woody mazes steal,  
Safe from intrusion and by man unseen.

"Within the chamber of our thoughts we store  
The gather'd knowledge of all vanished time,  
Yet limits must be set to human lore,  
Away dull thought, and lend us Music's chime."

The Sons of Wisdom spake; the luscious board  
Teemed with the dainties of a rich repast,  
Song followed song and now with laughter  
roar'd

Each learned disciple—could such joy but last!

To crown the jovial feast, rich wines are seen  
Outpoured, that gay, hilarious thought instil,  
The fuming beverage of Arabia's bean  
Is next produced, the ample cup to fill.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Blest be the man who first invented sleep!"  
It is the soft assuager of our woes,  
If in Ambrosial joys we plunge too deep,  
Swiftly on Somnus' wings our fancy goes.

For as the roe, thro' forests seen to bound,  
To stealthy hunter falls a heedless prey,  
So, neath the dart of Bacchus, sleep profound  
On the devoted Sons of Wisdom lay,

And could the Bard their sweet oblivion share,  
Trace thought enfranchised from this mortal  
frame,

Perchance he'd find them in Elysium, where  
They bid adieu to learning and to fame.

But, to his eye, that world of mystery's sealed,  
Nor in those realms dare poet's fancy range,  
Sleep's visions are alone to those revealed  
Whom drowsy moments from the world  
estrangle.

Unfathomable truth, that man should be  
In daily interchange of life with death!  
For thus 'twould seem, altho' the soul's not free  
Till fading years yield up our latest breath.

While Wisdom slept, the sun his course had run,  
Cool came the Zephyr down that dusky stream,  
With fading shadows, morning had begun,  
When each awoke from his protracted dream.

How sad the change, to see the earth again!  
The beakers emptied and the trenchers clear,  
From drowsy sighs, the Four could scarce  
refrain,

From vain regrets that day should disappear;

Yet eve now darkened all things with her pall,  
Thro' hemlock boughs the light but dimly shone,  
Some distant voice was heard the flocks to call,  
These in their folds, the day's last work is done.

To mortals all the night brings peace and rest,  
When every checkered scene of day is fled,

Allays tumultuous thought and stills the breast  
And brings on balmy sleep with silent tread,

But to the drowsy Four, night's sacred boon  
Was loathe its full allotment to dispense,  
Late hours came on, calm rose the gentle moon  
And they, for learning's home, departed thence.

J. H.

#### MISS BERRY.

THE following lines, from the *London Times*, bear the initials of the poet Richard Monckton Milnes, and are doubtless from his pen. They refer to the home of two literary ladies, friends of Horace Walpole, a brilliant retrospect of whose long life we published in our last number, from the pen of a London journalist. The *Athenæum* notices the literary facts connected with the history of Mary Berry:

"When Walpole died, he left to the Misses Berry, in conjunction with their father, the greater part of his papers, and the charge of collecting and publishing his works. The so-called edition of his works, which appeared in five volumes quarto, was edited by the father,—who lived with his daughters, at Twickenham, and at South Audley street, for some years after Walpole's death. The father died, a very old man, at Genoa, in the spring of 1817; but the daughters lived in London—and for upwards of half a century saw, either in South Audley street, or in Curzon street, or at Richmond (within sight of Strawberry), two generations of literary men. They loved the society of authors and of people of fashion—and thought at times (not untruly) that they were the means of bringing about them more authors of note mixing in good society (for that was the point) than Mrs. Montagu, or the Countess of Cork, or Lydia White herself, had succeeded in drawing together.

"It would have been strange if Miss Berry, with all her love and admiration for Horace Walpole, had escaped the fate of being an authoress—an authoress she was,—though one of little note, and not likely to be heard of as such hereafter. Her writings, of a very scattered and unimportant character, were collected by herself, in 1844, into two octavo volumes, entitled, miscellaneously enough, "England and France; a Comparative View of the Social Condition of both Countries, from the Restoration of Charles the Second to the present time: to which are now first added, Remarks on Lord Orford's Letters—the Life of the Marquise du Deffand—the Life of Rachael, Lady Russell; and 'Fashionable Friends, a Comedy.' In these "Miscellanies" (for by that name should they have been called) are to be found many keen and correct remarks on society, and on men and manners—with here and there a dash of old reading, and every now and then a valuable observation or two on the fashion and minute details of the age in which Walpole lived. They will while away an hour agreeably enough,—but will certainly not maintain a literary reputation.

"Miss Berry's last literary undertaking was a vindication of Walpole from the sarcasm, and not always correct character of him drawn by Mr. Macaulay in an article in the *Edinburgh Review*. The lady shows her pin-points well, but she is no match for the dextrous writer of the *Edinburgh*,—and her defence has little to recommend it beyond the motive which induced her to undertake it. Of far greater service to Walpole and to literature was the publication in 1840, for the

first time, of the sixty letters which Walpole had addressed to herself and her sister. In his late years Walpole makes a better appearance than he does in his letters to Mary and Agnes. He seems to have forgotten the gout and Chatterton, Dr. Kippis and the Society of Antiquaries,—and to have written like an old man no longer soured by the world, but altogether in love with what was good.

"Miss Berry was in her ninetieth year when she died, and survived her younger sister about eighteen months. She is said to have felt her sister's loss severely. For a time she was observed

To muse and take her solitary tea:—

but she rallied, and continued to cultivate the living society of our times, as well as that vanished society which she was, as it were, the last to enjoy, and which she has transmitted in flesh and blood to our own times—the society of Walpole and his friends of Strawberry Hill."

#### LINES WRITTEN AT THE FUNERAL OF MISS BERRY, Nov. 27, 1852.

Two friends within one grave we place,  
United in our tears,

Sisters, scarce parted for the space  
Of more than eighty years:

And she, whose bier is borne to-day,  
The one the last to go,

Bears with her thoughts that force their way  
Above the moment's woe.

Thoughts of the varied human life  
Spread o'er that field of time—

The toil, the passion, and the strife,  
The virtue and the crime:

Yet 'mid this long tumultuous scene,  
The image on our mind

Of these dear women rests serene  
In happy bounds confined.

Within one undisturbed abode

Their presence seems to dwell,  
From which continual pleasures flowed,

And countless graces fell:  
Not unbecoming this our age

Of decorative forms,

Yet simple as the hermitage  
Exposed to Nature's storms.

Our English grandeur on the shelf

Deposed its decent gloom,  
And every pride unclosed itself

Within that modest room;

Where none were sad and few were dull,  
And each one said his best,

And beauty was most beautiful,  
With vanity at rest.

Brightly the day's discourse rolled on,  
Still casting on the shore

Memorial pearls of times bygone  
And worthies now no more:

And little tales of long ago  
Took meaning from those lips,

Such chroniclers of joy and woe,  
And eyes without eclipse,

No taunt or scoff obscured the wit  
That there rejoiced to reign;

They never would have laughed at it  
If it had carried pain.

There needless scandal, e'en though true,  
Provoked no bitter smile,

And even men of fashion grew  
Benignant for awhile.

Not that there lacked the nervous scorn  
Of every public wrong—

Not that a friend was left forlorn  
When victim of the strong;

Free words expressing generous blood  
No nice punctilio weighed,

But deep, an earnest womanhood  
Their reason underlaid.



As generations onward came  
They loved from all to win  
Revival of the sacred flame  
That glowed their hearts within;  
While others in time's greedy mesh  
The faded garlands flung,  
Their hearts went out and gathered fresh  
Affections from the young.

Farewell, dear ladies! In your loss  
We feel the past recede,  
The gap, our hands could almost cross,  
Is now a gulf indeed.  
Ye, and the days in which your claims  
And charms were early known  
Lose substance, and ye stand as names  
That history makes its own.

Farewell! the pleasant social page  
Is read; but ye remain  
Examples of ennobled age,  
Long life without a stain;  
A lesson to be scorned by none,  
Least by the wise and brave,  
Delightful as the winter sun  
That gilds this open grave. R. M. M.


JOHN HAMILTON REYNOLDS—HIS LIFE AND  
FRIENDS—FIRST NOTICE OF SHELLEY AND  
KEATS BY LEIGH HUNT.

REYNOLDS, the brother-in-law and friend of Thomas Hood, a contributor to the old London Magazine of Hazlitt, Lamb & Co., died Nov. 15, in the Isle of Wight. He was a man worthy to be cherished and honored by his contemporaries. The *Athenæum* records his merits and literary associations:—"It is probable, that to many of our readers Mr. Reynolds was not known even by name; yet some poems published when he was a mere youth won for him words of kindness and encouragement from men of established reputation. Byron, in a letter to Hodgson, spoke of him as 'a youngster, and a clever one;' and he records in his Journal of Feb. 20, 1814.—'Answered—or rather acknowledged—the receipt of young Reynolds's poem, "Safie." The lad is clever, but much of his thoughts are borrowed,—whence the reviewers may find out. I hate discouraging a young one; and I think,—though wild and more oriental than he would be had he seen the scenes where he has placed his tale—that he has much talent, and certainly fire enough.' Mr. Leigh Hunt, too, who at that time sat with authority in the critical chair of the *Examiner*, devoted a paper to the young poets—"Shelley, Keats, and Reynolds." We have no opportunity, at the moment, of referring to that criticism; but it is no small honor now, though it was somewhat mischievous at the time to have been thus associated by one so able to form a discriminating judgment. 'Safie' was soon followed by the 'Naiad,' and other poems, all published before the writer was twenty-one—or perhaps twenty—years of age. In 1819, when Wordsworth, encouraged by the growing recognition of the public and the enthusiastic admiration of his then small circle of admirers, announced his 'Peter Bell,' the very name seemed to foreshadow that the work was to be the touchstone of his theory, and a test of the sincerity and devotion of his worshippers. Reynolds, though an admirer of Wordsworth, had even a stronger relish for a joke; and as he never then, and rarely afterwards, stopped to weigh consequences, he anticipated the genuine publication by a Peter Bell of his own, which puzzled and perplexed many, and was condemned or laughed at, according to the humor of the reader. Right

or wrong, it is fair to assume that the skit had merit; for Coleridge pronounced positively that it was written by Charles Lamb, and on the ground that no other person could have written it. Mr. Reynolds had already become a regular contributor to most of our periodicals,—the *London Magazine*, the *Edinburgh Review*, the *Retrospective*, and subsequently to the *Westminster*. In every number of the *London* the traces of his light and pleasant pen were visible; and at every social meeting of the contributors—which included Charles Lamb, and Allan Cunningham, and Carey, the translator of Dante, and George Darley, and Hazlitt, and Thomas Hood, all gone!—his familiar voice was heard, followed by a laugh as by an echo. John Reynolds was the 'Friend' to whom Keats addressed his 'Robin Hood;' and that poem was suggested, according to our recollection, by one on Sherwood Forest, or Bragdale Park, by Reynolds, published in the *London Magazine*. In conjunction with him, Hood—who had married his eldest sister—published the 'Odes and Addresses,' one of the earliest works which made Hood known to the general public—and to Hood's *Comic Annual*, Reynolds was for years a contributor. Life and its duties, however, drew him aside from literature,—and he resolved to devote himself to his profession as a solicitor. But he was never clearly quit of his old love, nor cordially on with the new: he still contributed occasionally to our periodical literature, and some of the earlier volumes of the *Athenæum* were enlivened by his pen. This divided duty, however, is rarely successful—the law spoiled his literature, and his love of literature and society interfered with the drudging duties of the lawyer. The contest ended only with his life."

A correspondent (J. R. Stockwell, November 22) of the *Examiner*, gives this warm tribute to his memory:—"Five and thirty years ago Reynolds gave promise of a brilliant career; he had published his poem, 'Safie,' of which Lord Byron thought so well that he wrote notes to it, and recommended it to his friend, Moore, for a favorable critique in the 'Edinburgh,' calling Reynolds 'a young and a clever one, in whom he took much interest; this was followed by the Naiad and numerous shorter pieces. He next became dramatic critic for the *Champion* newspaper, and was one of the glorious company that illustrated the fine old 'London Magazine' of which Tom Hood characteristically asked—why did it die? Charles Lamb, Hood, Hazlitt, Allan Cunningham, Proctor, Reynolds, Aytoun, headed by their accomplished editor and proprietor, who had then recently published his 'Junius identified with Sir Philip Francis,' formed a corps that ought to have imparted and preserved vitality. Among the brilliant essayists that distinguished this periodical, Reynolds took a very honorable place as the author of 'Edward Herbert's Letters to his Kinsfolk;' he likewise made a splendid 'Pen-and-ink Sketch of the Trial of Thurtell the Murderer.' When our then, still, and ever greatest actor, John Kemble died, Reynolds wrote in the same Magazine, the best notice of him that was published. In habits of constant intercourse with the men I have above named, he carried amongst them one of the finest natures it has been my chance to meet with in this working-day world. With splendid dark eyes, a mobile and intelligent countenance lit up by never failing good humor, and a quiet,

bland, but somewhat arch smile, he was goodly to look at as well as to listen to. Everybody's dear Tom Hood married one of his sisters, an amiable lady, worthy of both her husband and her brother. The last time but one that I saw Reynolds, we stood on a knoll upon Wood Green, contemplating a splendid sunset, and, with a sort of rivalry that was common with us, repeating, from memory, Collins's beautiful ode to Evening. That is many, many years ago—but as it reminds me 'how pleasant was my friend,' it is the impression I will cherish of him."

To test these London praises, we shall, in our next, and perhaps a subsequent number or two, present some of the early writings of Mr. Reynolds alluded to, which we are fortunate enough to have at hand. In the mean time it may give the reader pleasure to meet with the original critique of Leigh Hunt, spoken of by the *Athenæum*, which we possess in a set of the early volumes of the *Examiner*, probably once the property of Haydon the artist; for we find his name written on the title page. The particular number bears date Dec. 1, 1816, and has the usual signature, a , of Leigh Hunt. It is curious to notice the venturesome first notice of Shelley, and the mistake in writing the name of John Henry Reynolds. This is the article:

#### YOUNG POETS.

"In sitting down to this subject, we happen to be restricted by time to a much shorter notice than we could wish: but we mean to take it up again shortly. Many of our readers, however, have perhaps observed for themselves, that there has been a new school of poetry rising of late, which promises to extinguish the French one that has prevailed among us since the time of Charles the 2d. It began with something excessive, like most revolutions, but this gradually wore away; and an evident aspiration after real nature and original fancy remained, which called to mind the finer times of the English Muse. In fact it is wrong to call it a new school, and still more so to represent it as one of innovation, its only object being to restore the same love of Nature, and of thinking instead of mere talking, which formerly rendered us real poets, and not merely versifying wits, and bead-rollers of couplets.

"We were delighted to see the departure of the old school acknowledged in the number of the *Edinburgh Review* just published—a candour the more generous and spirited, inasmuch as that work has hitherto been the greatest surviving ornament of the same school in prose and criticism, as it is now destined, we trust, to be still the leader in the new.

"We also felt the same delight at the third canto of Lord Byron's *Child Harold*, in which, to our conceptions at least, he has fairly renounced a certain leaven of the French style, and taken his place where we always said he would be found—among the poets who have a real feeling for numbers, and who go directly to Nature for inspiration. But more of this poem in our next.

"The object of the present article is merely to notice three young writers, who appear to us to promise a considerable addition of strength to the new school. Of the first who came before us, we have, it is true, yet seen only one or two specimens, and these were no sooner sent us than we unfortunately mislaid them; but we shall procure what he has published, and if the rest answer to what

we have seen, we shall have no hesitation in announcing him for a very striking and original thinker. His name is PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY, and he is the author of a poetical work entitled *Alastor, or the Spirit of Solitude*.

"The next with whose name we became acquainted, was JOHN HENRY REYNOLDS, author of a tale called *Safie*, written, we believe, in imitation of Lord Byron, and more lately of a small set of poems published by Taylor and Hessey, the principal of which is called the *Naiad*. It opens thus:—

The gold sun went into the west,  
And soft airs sang him to his rest;  
And yellow leaves all loose and dry,  
Play'd on the branches listlessly;  
The sky wax'd palely blue; and high  
A cloud seem'd touch'd upon the sky—  
A spot of cloud,—blue, thin, and still,  
And silence bask'd on vale and hill.

'Twas autumn-tide,—the eve was sweet,  
As mortal eye hath e'er beholden;  
The grass look'd warm with sunny heat,—  
Perchance some fairy's glowing feet  
Had lightly touch'd,—and left it golden:

A flower or two were shining yet;  
The star of the daisy had not yet set,—  
It shone from the turf to greet the air,  
Which tenderly came breathing there:  
And in a brook which lov'd to fret  
O'er yellow sand and pebble blue,  
The lily of the silvery hue  
All freshly dwelt, with white leaves wet.  
Away the sparkling water played,  
Through bending grass, and blessed flower:  
Light, and delight seem'd all its dower:  
Away in merriment it stray'd,—  
Singing, and bearing, hour after hour,  
Pale, lovely splendour to the shade.

"The author's style is too artificial, though he is evidently an admirer of Mr. Wordsworth. Like all young poets too, properly so called, his love of detail is too overwrought and indiscriminate; but still he is a young poet, and only wants a still closer attention to things as opposed to the seduction of words, to realize all that he promises. His nature seems very true and amiable.

"The best of these young aspirants whom we have met with, and who promise to help the new school to revive Nature and

"To put a spirit of youth in everything,"—is, we believe, the youngest of them all, and just of age. His name is JOHN KEATS. He has not yet published anything except in a newspaper; but a set of his manuscripts was handed us the other day, and fairly surprised us with the truth of their ambition, and ardent grappling with Nature. In the following sonnet there is one incorrect rhyme, which might be easily altered, but which shall serve in the meantime as a peace-offering to the rhyming critics. The rest of the composition, with the exception of a little vagueness in calling the regions of poetry "the realms of gold," we do not hesitate to pronounce excellent, especially the last six lines. The word *swims* is complete; and the whole conclusion is equally powerful and quiet:—

ON FIRST LOOKING INTO CHAPMAN'S HOMER.

Much have I travel'd in the realms of gold,  
And many goodly states and kingdoms seen;  
Round many western islands have I been,  
Which bards in fealty to Apollo hold;  
But of one wide expanse had I been told,  
That deep-brow'd Homer ruled as his  
demeane;  
Yet could I never judge what men could  
mean,

Till I heard CHAPMAN speak out loud and bold,  
Then felt I like some watcher of the skies,

When a new planet swims into his ken;  
Or like stout CORTEZ, when with eagle eyes  
He stared at the Pacific,—and all his men  
Looked at each other with a wild surmise,—  
Silent, upon a peak in Darien.

Oct. 1816.

JOHN KEATS.

"We have spoken with the less scruple of those poetical promises, because we are really not in the habit of lavishing praises and announcements, and because we have no fear of any pettier vanity on the part of young men, who promise to understand human nature so well."

ADA BYRON (LADY LOVELACE).

[From the Athenaeum, Dec. 4.]

LAST week was chronicled in our columns the death, in extreme old age, of a lady intimately connected with the prince of English letter-writers:—this week we have to record the untimely death of another lady, yet more closely connected with the prince of English poets in his time. Mary Berry, the friend of Lord Orford, died in November 1852, at the age of ninety,—and Augusta Ada Byron, the only child of Lord Byron—"sole daughter of his house and heart"—died in the same month and year at the age of thirty-seven. Walpole and his fair friend both outlived the scriptural threescore-and-ten: but Byron and his daughter died each at the same age, when little more than one-half of the scriptural allotment had been fulfilled. Some presentiment that her life was not to exceed in duration of years the life of her father, is said to have been uppermost in the daughter's mind for some years past;—and that presentiment, if it in truth existed, may have contributed to its own accomplishment.

The married life of Lord Byron—or rather the period during which Lord and Lady Byron lived together—was a year and some few days. They were married in January, 1815. On the 10th of December, in the same year, Ada, their only child, was born; and, in January, 1816, the husband and wife separated for ever. When her mother removed her into Leicestershire, and when her father saw her for the last time, Ada was a month old. The solitary poet's feelings would seem to have clung to his child;—and the third book of 'Childe Harold'—written in 1816, immediately after the separation—is dedicated, as it were, to the father's love. The Song begins with Ada:—

Is thy face like thy mother's, my fair child!  
Ada! sole daughter of my house and heart!  
When last I saw thy young blue eyes they  
smiled,  
And then we parted,—not as now we part,  
But with a hope.

And with Ada it ends:—

My daughter! with thy name this song  
began—

My daughter! with thy name thus much  
shall end—

I see thee not,—I hear thee not,—but none  
Can be so wrapt in thee; thou art the friend  
To whom the shadows of far years extend:  
Albeit my brow thou never shouldst behold,  
My voice shall with thy future visions blend,  
And reach into thy heart, when mine is  
cold,—

A token and a tone, even from thy father's  
mould.

To aid thy mind's development,—to watch  
Thy dawn of little joys,—to sit and see

Almost thy very growth,—to view thee  
catch

Knowledge of objects,—wonders yet to  
thee!

To hold thee lightly on a gentle knee,  
And print on thy soft cheek a parent's  
kiss,—

This, it would seem, was not reserved for  
me;

Yet this was in my nature:—as it is,  
I know not what is there, yet something like  
to this.

Of this prophecy we know that nearly all was fulfilled. Ada Byron never looked consciously into the face of her father. Whatever wholesome and ennobling joys his wayward "nature" might have found in watching the growth of his young daughter's mind, it was not reserved for the poet ever to know. How far the voice of the illustrious father did blend with the future visions of the orphan girl—how far the echoes of his harp and of his heart did "reach into her heart"—how far the token and the tone from her father's mould had part in her after-musings—the world perhaps has no right to inquire. Still, many will find it pleasant to learn that by her own desire the remains of Ada Byron were to be laid yesterday where they will mingle with her "father's mould"—in Hucknall Church.

At her father's death Ada was little more than eight years old. She had small resemblance to her father. No one, we are told, would have recognized the Byron features—the finely-chiselled chin or the expressive lips or eyes of the poet—in the daughter. Yet, at times the Byron blood was visible in her look;—and those who saw her in 1835 on her marriage with Lord Lovelace (then Lord King) fancied they saw more traces of the poet's countenance in the bride than they remember there at any other time. But dissimilarity of look was not the only dissimilarity between Byron and his daughter. Lady Lovelace cared little about poetry. Like her father's Donna Inez, in 'Don Juan'—

Her favourite science was the mathematical.

Mr. Babbage is said to have conducted her studies at one time,—and Lady Lovelace is known to have translated from Italian into English a very elaborate Defence of the once celebrated Calculating Machine of her mathematical friend.

It is impossible to contemplate the early death of Byron's only child without reflecting sadly on the fates of other families of our greatest poets. Shakespeare and Milton each died without a son,—but both left daughters, and both names are now extinct. Shakespeare's was soon so. Addison had an only child,—a daughter, a girl of some five or six years, at her father's death. She died unmarried, at the age of eighty or more. Farquhar left two girls, dependent on the friendship of his friend Wilks the actor,—who stood nobly by them while he lived. They had a small pension from the Government; and having long outlived their father, and seen his reputation unalterably established, both died unmarried. The son and daughter of Coleridge both died childless. The two sons of Sir Walter Scott died without children,—one of two daughters died unmarried, and the Scotts of Abbotsford and Waverley are now represented by the children of a daughter. How little could Scott foresee the sudden failure of male issue! The poet of the "Faerie Queene" lost a child, when



very young, by fire—when the rebels burned his house in Ireland. Some of the poets had sons, and no daughters. Thus we read of Chaucer's son,—of Dryden's sons,—of the sons of Burns,—of Allan Ramsay's son,—of Dr. Young's son,—of Campbell's son,—of Moore's son,—and of Shelley's son. Ben Jonson survived all his children. Some—and these among the greatest—died unmarried;—Butler, Cowley, Congreve, Otway, Prior, Pope, Gay, Thomson, Cowper, Akenside, Shenstone, Collins, Gray, Goldsmith. Mr. Rogers still lives—single. Some were unfortunate in their sons in a sadder way than death could make them.

Lady Lovelace has left three children,—two sons, and a daughter. Her mother is still alive,—to see, perhaps, with a softened spirit, the shade of the father beside the early grave of his only child. Ada's looks in her later years—years of suffering, borne with gentle and womanly fortitude—have been happily caught by Mr. Henry Phillips,—whose father's pencil has preserved to us the best likeness of Ada's father.

#### DEATH OF LADY LOVELACE.

[From the Examiner, Dec. 4.]

Who has not felt an interest in the only child of Byron, the Ada whose name is so caressed in his verse, and a lock of whose hair is the subject of a touching passage in his letters? Who has not felt at least a curiosity to know what features of genius and character had descended from the father to the daughter? The Countess of Lovelace was thoroughly original, and the poetic temperament was all that was hers in common with her father. Her genius, for genius she possessed, was not poetic, but metaphysical and mathematical, her mind having been in the constant practice of investigation, and with rigorous exactness. With an understanding thoroughly masculine in solidity, grasp, and firmness, Lady Lovelace had all the delicacies of the most refined female character. Her manners, her tastes, her accomplishments, in many of which, music especially, she was a proficient, were feminine in the nicest sense of the word, and the superficial observer would never have divined the strength and the knowledge that lay hidden under the womanly graces. Proportionate to her distaste for the frivolous and commonplace was her enjoyment of true intellectual society, and eagerly she sought the acquaintance of all who were distinguished in science, art, and literature. But from this pleasure, and all else, in the prime of life she has been cut off. She bore a long and painful illness with the fortitude, the heroism, belonging to her character. We need not add to this feeble, imperfect tribute, how deeply she must be mourned by all honoured with her friendship—a friendship so cordial, so frank.

THE DISRAELI PLAGIARISM, AGAIN.—THE LONDON TIMES.—MR. SMYTHE.—PUNCH'S PARODY, AND THE EXAMINER NEWSPAPER.

THE Times of Nov. 22, gives an apologetic view, evidently a per authority Disraeli view, of the unfortunate military quotation in the House of Commons eulogy of Wellington. The following completes the history of this literary curiosity from our previous notices. Says the Times:—"An awful clatter has been raised about an alleged piece of appropriation by no less a personage than the Chancellor of the Exchequer. Last Men-

day, in virtue of his office, he had to move some resolutions with regard to the public funeral; and in doing so he made a speech which might, perhaps, be rather more elaborate than suited the occasion, but was still much admired, and, what is more, made a very deep impression. It was speedily discovered that one passage in it was almost identical with a quotation that appeared four years ago in one of our morning contemporaries. This, of course was a grand discovery. A shout of 'Stop thief!' was raised, and a whole pack of jealous *litterateurs* were immediately on the scent of their offending, and perhaps too successful, brother. The robbery was posted in the evening *Hue and Cry* with all the particulars, description, date, injured party, and everything but the height, dress, and hair of the culprit. So serious, so distinct, and so undoubted was the crime, that the detectors expected at least to see a conscience-money paragraph from the distinguished plagiarist restoring the stolen passage to its rightful owner with suitable apologies. For our part, the thing appeared so trivial, that we were only sorry a speech which we had read with pleasure should be liable to any exception whatever. It was evident that Mr. Disraeli had adopted a practice deliberately recommended and extensively practised by no less an authority than Cicero—viz., storing in the memory a variety of 'topics' or common-places, and producing them whenever matter might be wanting, or the thread of the speech lost for the moment. The passage in question, describing the peculiar difficulties and excellences of military genius, is exactly such a topic as Cicero meant, and is one which even now, after this terrible exposure, our younger readers might do well to store in their memory. As for plagiarism, there is not a great orator or poet who has not been a plagiarist, and that on a very extensive scale. The calendar would include every author worth reading since the world began. Divers of our contemporaries, however, having neither bowels of compassion nor common sense, as it appeared to us, fell foul of the alleged robber with honest rage and awful severity. In the fury of their censure they gave up all discrimination. The man, the very tone of his voice, and the passage itself, were all abused; the article from which it was first taken was described as trashy; the French marshal about whom it was said to be written was pronounced third-rate; and M. Thiers himself came in for some spatterings of the wide-spread vituperation.

"A letter which we publish from Mr. Smythe shows that the affair is by no means exactly as these candid gentlemen have hastily assumed. As far as regards the morning contemporary quoted in the above-mentioned *Hue and Cry*, instead of Mr. Disraeli being indebted to it for the passage in question, it was indebted to Mr. Disraeli. We believe the real truth to be much as follows:—A good many years ago Mr. Disraeli had the happiness to receive a copy of the *Revue Trimestre*, containing a favorable notice of his novel *Virian Grey*, then lately published, and was encouraged thereby to look into the rest of the articles. Among them was one not particularly on Marshal St. Cyr, who was then alive, but on military genius, or some such wide subject. That it was written by M. Thiers rests on no other evidence than that M. Thiers, who was then scarcely known, was a contributor to the *Revue Trimestre*. Mr. Disraeli was pleased with the article,

committed some of the passages to memory, and the passages so learnt have furnished successively a striking paragraph to a morning contemporary and to a speech in the House of Commons. All this is very natural. But why did not Mr. Disraeli give the name of the author? We believe it is not known. The passage is from an anonymous article in a review, probably, but not avowedly, by M. Thiers. To give the name of an authority is always difficult in a speech; much more so when it is a review or other periodical. But the fair account of the matter is, that Mr. Disraeli found himself in the passage before he had time to affix the proper title-page, introduction, and table of contents. It is one of the evils of a well-stored memory that a man cannot help quoting; but nothing destroys the interest of a speech and the confidence of the hearers so much as avowed quotations. In many cases the hearers and the passage itself gain quite as much as the speaker can possibly do by the omission of the author's name. It is so, on the admission of Mr. Disraeli's most merciless critics, in the instance before us. In the ardor of depreciation, they tell us that M. Thiers, the article, the *Revue Trimestre*, and Marshal St. Cyr are all one as bad as another—trashy, obscure, third-rate, French, false, and everything that is bad and insignificant. Yet the gem extracted out of this rubbish, and inserted in a speech, is so conspicuous and admirable that a whole mob of authors run mad to deprive him of the supposed glory attaching to its authorship.

"Now, we beg to suggest to these gentlemen, whether it is worth their while to be flinging as much dirt as they can on the only *litterateur* who has ever yet succeeded in breaking that solid aristocratical phalanx which has hitherto monopolized the high offices of the State. Why are authors to drag down every one of their fraternity who may happen to become a Minister of State? It is thus that literature cuts its own throat in this country. We may depend upon it, that authors will never have their proper consideration, in the face of dukes, millionaires, squires, and prize cattle, till they are loyal to their own body, and help one another to rise, when the opportunity offers. Chastise Disraeli's political errors as much as you please, but don't help the country party to throw off the accomplished horseman who is riding them with such admirable effect. We are delighted to see them put through their paces by one not of themselves. They would rather, of course, he were a descendant of William the Conqueror, even though he had a dozen bars of bastardy in the quarterings of his shield. Unfortunately, however, the aristocracy of England is not fertile in Ministerial or any other talent, and they are forced to look abroad, not only for money, but even for intellect. Their necessity is the opportunity of literature, and we trust it will turn to good account."

This is Mr. Smythe's letter to the Times: "SIR:—As the writer of the article of July 4, in the *Morning Chronicle*, from which Mr. D'Israeli is charged with having taken a passage of his panegyric upon the late Duke of Wellington, I think it but just to that gentleman to exonerate him entirely from this unfounded accusation. It is more than ten years ago since Mr. D'Israeli first mentioned to me this very striking eulogium of the military character, which he remembered having read 15 years before in a French

review. Having subsequently discovered that this article was by no less a personage than M. Thiers, I made use of the quotation in some comments on French military statesmen. It is therefore but fair to state that instead of Mr. D'Israeli being indebted to the *Morning Chronicle* for the passage in question, the *Morning Chronicle* was indebted to Mr. D'Israeli. I have the honor to be, Sir, your obedient servant,

"GEORGE SIDNEY SMYTHE.

"68 Harley street, Nov. 21."

Of which Punch gives this parody.

"A QUESTION TO MR. SMYTHE.

"SIR,—I lately observed, and pointed out to a friend of mine, a very beautiful diamond ring in a jeweller's window. He admired the ring. The ring somehow became circulated in society on the finger of the editor of *The Morning Chronicle*. Now I wish to ask of you—as a casuist—this little question: Because I pointed out the ring, may I prig the ring, and flash it as my own?"

"Yours, BEN THE YOUNGER."

The *Examiner*, in an article in the old Fonblanque vein says, "We learn from the *Times* that Mr. D'Israeli is not to be blamed, but to be much commended, for passing off for his own the remarks of M. Thiers on military genius. He would have done very wrong if he had not used the passage as he did without acknowledgment. He has, it seems, adopted a practice deliberately recommended by no less an authority than Cicero, of storing the memory with a variety of topics on common-places, and producing them whenever matter might be wanting, or the thread of the speech lost for the moment. To be Ciceronian after this example is happily henceforth easy to all. When your matter fails, or the thread of your discourse breaks down, draw on your memory for some passage from Burke or Chatham, and spout it as your own. It was odd, indeed, that a topic so suggestive and fertile as the character of the Duke of Wellington was found wanting in matter by a man of Mr. D'Israeli's genius, or that a thread so interwoven with the touched feelings should have been lost, so as to require the Ciceronian recourse to the stop-gap of the hoarded topics or musty common-places. But let that pass.

"The fair account of the matter, according to the *Times*, is, that Mr. D'Israeli tumbled into the passage as a man may tumble into a well, or river, and was souse over head and ears in before he knew where he was. 'Mr. D'Israeli found himself in the passage before he had time to affix the proper title page, introduction, and table of contents.' Now who can be so inconsistent as to contend that a man is found out, who has thus found himself in, without time to say where he is, or to cry Jack Robinson? The whole affair was like taking office; the man in it before he knew where he was, or indeed who or what he was. There is a vulgar description of the same sort of thing, *pars pro toto*, or in which, instead of putting the man body and bones in the passage, the figure *ex pede* is employed, 'he put his foot in it.'"

#### CORRESPONDENCE.

GRAY'S ELEGY—ADDITIONAL STANZAS.

MESSRS. EDITORS—As much interest has lately been manifested in regard to Gray's Elegy, I send you the following copy of a

serap which I cut from a Massachusetts paper published in 1840, where it is said to be "from an old exchange paper." Possibly yourselves or some one of your readers may know who is the author of the lines.

Yours, truly, R."

New York, December 16, 1852.

"Gray's Elegy in a Country Churchyard," has probably been more read and admired, than any piece of composition in the English language. It was seven years from the time the author began this exquisite morceau before it was finished. It has had a thousand imitators, but it will not be contended that any one has reached the touching simplicity of the original. It has been more successfully approached by an American writer than by any other person. Several years since, an anonymous author published in a Rhode Island paper, the presented amendment, thinking 'that Gray had not given the subjects of his muse enough of a religious character to make the charm complete.' It was suggested that it should follow the stanzas beginning 'Far from the maddening crowd's ignoble strife.' There is piety and poetry in every line of it.

"No airy dreams their simple fancies fired,  
No thirst for wealth, nor panting after fame;  
But truth divine, sublimer hopes inspired,  
And urged them onward to a nobler aim.

"From every cottage, with the day arose  
The hallowed voice of spirit-breathing prayer;  
And artless anthems, at the peaceful close,  
Like holy incense, charmed the evening air.

"Though they, each tone of human love unknown,  
The brilliant path of science never trod,  
The sacred volume claimed their hearts alone,  
Which taught the way to glory and to God.

"Here they from Truth's eternal fountain drew  
The pure and gladdening waters day by day;  
Learnt, since our days are evil, fleet and few,  
To walk in wisdom's bright and peaceful way.

"In yon lone pile, o'er which hath sternly passed  
The heavy hand of all-destroying time,  
Through whose low mould'ring aisles now sighs  
the blast,

And round whose altars grass and ivy climb;  
"They gladly thronged their grateful hymns to raise,  
Oft as the calm and holy Sabbath shone;

The mingled tribute of their prayers and praise  
In sweet communion rose before the throne.

"Here from those honored lips, which sacred fire  
From heaven's high chancery hath touched, they hear

Truths which their zeal inflame, their hopes inspire,  
Give wings to faith, and check affliction's tear!

"When life flowed by, and like an angel, Death  
Came to release them to the world on high,  
Praise trembled still on each expiring breath,  
And holy triumph beamed from every eye.

"Then gentle hands their 'dust to dust' consign;  
With quiet tears, the simple rites are said;  
And here they sleep, till at the trump divine,  
The earth and ocean render up their dead."

#### MISCELLANY AND GOSSIP.

—STRONG language, it would seem, is not exclusively monopolized by the American Journals, for we have these vigorous opening sentences in a leader of the (London) *Morning Herald*:—

"A wit of the day was heard on Saturday to say that Mr. Cobden and Mr. Villiers had come out of the week's fight 'like a couple of skinned cats,' and we think there is a good deal of truth

in the remark. It picturesquely fixes their precise political positions, one of shivering wretchedness! They are piteously mewling, 'the Lord defend us from our friends!'"

—Some time ago we quoted a paragraph in regard to the river-police on the Thames; whatever is done elsewhere is sure to be adopted and aggrandized in the United States:—

"We learn from the *Missouri Republican* that a plan is now maturing among a number of owners of first-class boats to establish a tri-weekly mail by the river, from St. Louis to St. Joseph, Mo. The mail is to be carried during the season that river is navigable, which is, on an average, about eight months in a year; thus constituting a regular packet line, leaving at certain hours, and delivering the mails at all the towns on the river. Six good boats will form the line, and the population, town, and post offices on that river, as fully justify it, as on the Upper Mississippi or Illinois. There is a heavy mail to be transported to the offices on the Missouri River, and it frequently happens that when the river is in the best navigable condition, the roads are almost impassable; hence a great amount of newspapers and letters are sent by the boats, for the rivers and interior post offices, outside of the mail."

—A hint for "whomsoever it may concern:—"

"At a meeting in Glasgow, to get up a magnificent memorial fund for Mrs. Stowe, one of the speakers, Mr. Jeffrey, announced, amid loud applause, that he had received a letter from the agent of a bookselling firm in London, who had remitted £500 to Mrs. Stowe, being part of their profits on 'Uncle Tom's Cabin,' with a promise of ten per cent. on all future sales."

—The Parisian Boulevards were the scene of great animation a few days ago. A large chariot, drawn by twenty horses, carrying the carcass of a whale, was proceeding in the direction of the Jardin des Plantes. Strange to say, it was caught near the coast of Normandy, and is supposed to have lost its way from its native waters. Six republican guardsmen on horseback marched in front of it, to keep off the crowd. The sailor who harpooned it was standing upright on the back of this huge fish, with the harpoon in his hand. It was a novel sight and created quite a sensation.

—A private letter (says the editor of the *Tribune*) from a friend now studying in Gottingen informs us that there are at present twelve Americans pursuing their studies at the "U-Niversity of Gottingen," eight of whom are engaged in chemistry. "One-third of the students in the Laboratory," he writes, "are Americans, and they are the most promising of the lot. All who are here this winter are hard workers."

"We learn also that Mr. William D. Whitney, of Northampton, Mass., now in Berlin—a brother of the excellent chemist and geologist, J. D. Whitney, Esq., of the U. S. Geological Survey—is engaged, in connexion with Professor Roth, of the University at Tübingen, in the preparation of a new edition of one of the sacred books of the Hindoos—the 'Atharva Veda.' The Vedas, in that most ancient of written languages, the Sanscrit, are four in number, and stand in the same estimation among the people of India as the Koran among Mahomedans, or the Bible with Christians and Jews. The term 'Veda' means the sum of all knowledge, and the entire Vedas may be considered as a collection of the ancient rhapsodies of the Indian poets, whose vague and figurative language may be interpreted to suit almost any system of religion or philosophy. The Atharva Veda, the



fourth of the list, would seem to be of less authority than the others, and bears some such relation to them as the books of the Apocrypha in the estimation of Protestants bear to the rest of the Christian Scriptures. It is no small compliment to American scholarship that the distinguished German Professor has associated Mr. Whitney with himself in preparing an edition of a work requiring so much research and one of so much importance in the study of the highest branches of philology."

— In a chapter of Sir Arch. Alison's new volume of the "History of Europe," devoted to the consideration of Literature and the Fine Arts, the historian says:

"If powers of the very highest order, united to fascinating beauty, and the most lofty conceptions of the dignity and moral objects of her art, could have arrested the degradation of the stage, Miss Helen Faucit would have done so. She is a combination of Mrs Siddons and Miss O'Neil; with the majestic air and lofty thoughts, but not the commanding figure of the former, and as great pathetic power, and not less winning grace, but without the regular features of the latter. Variety is her great characteristic, versatility her distinguishing feature. Like Garrick, she excels equally in tragedy or elegant comedy: it is hard to say whether her 'Rosalind' is the more charming, or her 'Lady Teazle' the more fascinating, or her 'Juliet' the more heart-rending. Dark raven locks, a fine figure, and singularly expressive countenance, bestow on her all the advantages which, in addition to the highest mental gifts, beauty never ceases to confer on woman; and a disposition marked by deep feeling, alternately lively and serious, sportive and mournful, playful and contemplative, gives her that command of the expression of different emotions, and that versatility of power, which constitute her great and unequalled charm. She has the highest conception of the dignity and moral capabilities of her art, and by the uniform chasteness and delicacy of her performances, does the utmost to uphold it in its native purity."

— The *Jardin des Plantes* at Paris is at present the object of great attraction; there is a very remarkable phenomenon of vegetation in its rich conservatory:

"On the fourteenth of October, a bamboo put forth a stem, which has already reached the enormous height of nineteen feet, having grown seven or eight inches each day during a month. What is also equally admired by the numerous visitors who frequent the garden, is a superb *carica papaya*, laden with fruit, of which some has arrived at maturity; and a *plumeria*, covered with blossoms, which will flower towards the end of the winter."

— Allusions have recently been made to the impossibility of introducing into England, American reprints of English copyright books:—

"The rule is inflexible. They are seized at the Custom House, and burned. Travellers have been subjected to vexation and delay by the sharp examination instituted for such books, and editors of American editions have found it exceedingly difficult to get specimens of their work to the English authors, where there was no intention whatever of evading the spirit of the English law. For the benefit of all persons so troubled, we offer the suggestion of a simple remedy, for our knowledge of which we are indebted to an English friend. Tear out the title-page, and forward it by post. The book will then pay duty as damaged, and once within Her Majesty's dominions, the title-page can be restored as before."

— A popular contributor to *Punch* is last heard from in these pithy remarks made recently at Exeter Hall, London, on the occasion

of the annual general meeting of the Association for Promoting the Repeal of the Taxes on Knowledge:—

"The chair was taken at seven o'clock, by Mr. Douglas Jerrold, who opened the proceedings by observing that the meeting was called for the purpose of petitioning the House of Commons for the total repeal of the taxes on knowledge—those most odious laws, because they were hostile to what is 'wise, just, and beneficial' for the moral character of the masses of the people. (Cheers.) With respect to the stamp on newspapers, the railroads had sufficiently shown the injustice and absurdity of such a tax, and he would recommend the substitution of a penny postage stamp. (Hear.) The advertisement tax was a double tax—it was a tax on industry and a tax on want. (Hear.) Why should the widely circulating advertising columns of a newspaper be taxed when omnibuses were allowed to circulate the same kind of intelligence duty free? (Hear, hear.) Almost everything was an advertisement. The tradesman's brass doorplate was an advertisement; and it would be as just for the Chancellor of the Exchequer, bending his mind to the consideration of brass,—(loud laughter and cheers)—to tax the brass doorplate of a tradesman as the type of the printer. (Cheers.) There would appear to be some justice in such a kind of impost. For instance, the quack, having paid his eighteenpence duty for advertising his cosmetic, would not feel aggrieved, because he would know that the apothecary paid for his engraved plate and his night-bell eighteenpence each. (Laughter.) So long as paper was the peculiar vehicle of conveying intelligence and information to a people, so long would it be a reproach to the state that burdened it with a feather's weight of taxation. (Cheers.) He admitted that there was an inherent disposition in every Englishman to obey the laws; but, nevertheless, one goose quill wisely and honestly exercised, would achieve more power than slumbered in the staves of a thousand policemen. (Cheers.) He considered the government that continued the taxes on knowledge to be an unjust government, a tyrannical government, and most essentially a hypocritical government. (Cheers.)"

— The *London Leader* (of Dec. 11th) has these comments on No. X. of *Bleak House*, which we have partly anticipated in a previous column:

"There has been not a little outcry raised against the concluding incident of the last number of *Bleak House*; the death of Krook by Spontaneous Combustion is certainly not an agreeable incident, but it has a graver fault than that of 'shocking' people with 'sensitive nerves'; it is a fault in Art, and a fault in Literature, overstepping the limits of Fiction, and giving currency to a vulgar error. We must be permitted a passing remark on both these faults."

"It is allowable to introduce the Supernatural in Art, but not the improbable; the reason is, that in the one case, Imagination and our mysterious sympathy with the Unknown are appealed to, without pretence of claiming more than imaginative credence; in the other case, the Understanding is called upon to ratify as a truth what it rejects as falsehood. When Shakspeare introduces the Supernatural, it is enough for us that in those remote ages people believed in the existence of Ghosts and Fairies; but when Balzac and Dumas introduce Clairvoyance as a part of their machinery, and make the events depend thereon, doing so as if Clairvoyance were an undoubted element in our human life, then the rebellious Understanding rejects as impertinent what it recognises as false. Dickens, therefore, in employing Spontaneous Combustion as a part of his machinery, has committed this fault of raising the incredulity of his readers; because even supposing Clairvoyance and Spontaneous

Combustion to be scientific truths, and not the errors of imperfect science, still the simple fact that they belong to the extremely questionable opinions held by a very small minority, is enough to render their introduction into Fiction a mistake. They are questions to be argued, not to be treated as ascertained truths."

"In the second place, we assure Mr. Dickens that Spontaneous Combustion is not only a scientific error, which we doubt if he can find one organic chemist of any authority to countenance now, but is absolutely impossible, according to all known laws of combustion, and to the constitution of the human body. As a novelist he is not to be called to the bar of science; he has doubtless picked up the idea among the curiosities of his reading from some credulous adherent to the old hypothesis, and has accepted it as not improbable. This is not the place to enter minutely into such a question, but we will endeavor to state a few fundamental objections in language sufficiently popular for general comprehension."

"The hypothesis is, that ardent drinkers so steep the tissues of their bodies in alcohol, or induce so morbid a constitution, that a highly combustible gas is formed within their bodies, which either spontaneously, or by the accidental approach of a flame, kindles, and burns away the whole body, as a candle burns away when once lighted."

"Now, if you consider this simple fact, that in the human body *three-fourths of it are water*, and that even gunpowder will not ignite if damp, you will understand one reason why the body is not easily combustible. You may char it as you may char damp wood, but you cannot produce flame from it as long as it retains its fluids."

"Suppose the body soaked in alcohol, and the alcohol to remain in the tissues as alcohol, even that will not make the tissues burn. This Christmas you will, at snapdragon, see the proof: the raisins will be soaked in alcohol, the alcohol will burn, but *not* the raisins."

"It has been said, indeed, that in certain morbid conditions of the tissues, there is a gas formed which will ignite on contact with the air; this gas, phosphuretted hydrogen, is unfortunately a gas that never has been detected in any living tissue, that *could not* exist there, and even if it could, would only consume itself, and not the incombustible moist tissues; for to burn the body you must first *dry* it, and when you have dried it, it is no longer a living body. With moistened fingers we snuff candles unburnt; with moistened hands Boutigny tossed about molten iron as if it had been snow. Unless, therefore, it is maintained that the effect of continued drinking is altogether to change the conditions of vitality, to remove the liquids from the body, and substitute alcohol in their place, Spontaneous Combustion is an impossibility; the body will not burn except by the continued application of intense heat furnished externally; and cannot be made to *flame*."

"In one sense, Spontaneous Combustion is the incessant act of Life itself; the tissues are called into activity through constant oxidation; and Man is truly said to be ashes. But Spontaneous Combustion, as the denouement of the drama with blue fire from the side scenes, is only admissible as a metaphor."

"Captain Marryat, it may be remembered, employed the same equivocal incident in *Jacob Faithful*. One phrase deserves immortality for its cynicism; it ran somewhat thus:—'There was a puff of smoke up the chimney, and that was all I saw of my mother.'"

— The *London papers* announce the death of Mr. F. W. N. Bayley, by bronchitis. About twenty-three years ago he commenced his literary career, in London, as editor of a cheap periodical called "The Omnibus." He then appeared as a writer of songs, and was pitted, by rival publishers, against Mr. Haynes

Bayley, the lyricist. Since that time he had been connected, in turn, with almost every journal in London, and was the first editor of the *Illustrated London News*, now conducted by Dr. Charles Mackay, the poet. Mr. Bayley had remarkable facility, and wrote verses (we can scarcely call them poetry) as rapidly as most authors compose prose. From the multiplicity of his Christian names he had obtained the *soubriquet* of "Alphabet Bayley."

#### LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.—B's communication shall receive due honor in our next.

THE following new works are announced in London:

"Et Cetera," by Lady Emmeline Stuart Wortley.

"Ranko's Civil Wars and Monarchy in France in the 16th and 17th centuries."

"Good in All and None all Good," by Miss Mackintosh.

"The Two Suitors," by Emily Carlin.

"The Russian Imposters; or, the False Demetrius," by H. Merimée.

"Peg Woffington," by Charles Reade.

"Elegy, supposed to be written in the Cathedral on the occasion of the Funeral of Wellington, by a graduate of Oxford."

"The Inn by the Sea Side," an Allegory, by Anna H. Dorey.

"Saxon Obsequies, illustrated by Ornaments and Weapons found in a Cemetery, Cambridge-shire," by Hon. R. C. Neville.

Mrs. Jameson's long promised "Legends of the Madonna," was to be published Dec. 10.

"A Historical Memoir of Fra Dolcino and his Times; being an Account of a General Struggle for Ecclesiastical Reform, and of an Anti-Heretical Crusade in Italy in the 14th century," by L. Mariotti.

"Original Hymns for Public, Social and Private Devotion," by Montgomery.

"Autobiography of Capt. Digby Grand," from Fraser's Magazine.

"Jesuit Executorship; or, Passages in the Life of a Seceder from Romanism."

"The Water Lily on the Danube; an Account of the Perils of a Pair Oar, during a Voyage from Lambeth to Pesth," illustrated.

"Goethe's Opinions on the World, Mankind, Literature, Science and Art."

"Sermons, by Rev. F. D. Maurice."

"Talpa, or the Chronicles of a Clay Farm," with capital vignettes by George Cruikshank.

"The Many Mansions in the House of the Father," by G. I. Laler, B.D.

"Christmas Tide; its History, Festivities and Carols," by W. Sandys.

"A Round of Stories by the Christmas Fire," will form the Christmas extra number of Household Words.

"A Leaf from a Christmas Tree," translated from the German.

"The Game of Brag; or, the Battery Boys," a comic novel, by D. Owen Maddyn.

"Castle Aven," by Mrs. Marsh.

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